

1914

1914

July 23 -

Reg. 8. / 100. / no. 80. /

B. Shimek
Iowa City
Iowa, U.S.A.

Prozation:
Praha II
Trpická ulice, č. 14
I patro (u Hejdu)

Andræa went to Heidelberg from Freiburg.
Steinmann is in Bonn, - has been for 8 or 9 yrs.

Radium Kettner

<u>Wants prints:</u>	<u>Took slides</u>
2 B	223 B
3 B	442 B
490 B	449
293 B	48
499 B	611
514 B	341
404 B	41
45 B	3466.
2043	
3079	
2427	
2270	
2750	

He also wants U. S. Geol. Survey
reports, etc., - see papers on
Algonquin
Silurian
Devonian
state & National

At Cloö Pecelli
(near Pecz, Hungary)
want photos:
Kollar, Jozef.
Gözteglagyan.
Kowrecke Jozef.

July 23, 1914 - Thursday.

Left for Halle in a rush at 6:20 A.M., and reached it at 7:25 A.M. We checked our baggage and started for the University, Bertha going with me.

I photographed the old University building, and we then went on to the Botanical Garden. I saw no one about, and while waiting concluded to take some photographs, but was stopped by some factotum or other who had been sent by Karsten himself, after I had taken photos 2 and 23.

Photo 2 shows a very picturesque lily pond with bright Begonia border.

Photo 23 shows the section of an oak felled in 1894. It grew from seed in 1632. A card gives this information: At the time of the Westphalia peace it was 15 yrs. old and 8 cm. thick. At the time of

the founding of the university (1694) it was taking on its 61st ring and was 24 cm. in diam. At the time of Frederick the Great (7 years' war) it had half its present circumference. On an average it grew per year 4.8 mm. in diameter. In the first 100 years, -1633-1733- it made a total of 45.5 cm. In the second 100 years, -1733-1833- it made 54.5 cm.

I met Dr. Karsten, and when he found who I was he waived his objection to photography, but I did not attempt any more. Dr. K. is not an agreeable man, and I did not care to accept favors from him.

He took me through his building and gave me a rather hurried view of it. He now has 15 candidates for the Ph.D. degree. Dr. Karsten has a

private laboratory, well-equipped, and ~~has~~ has special laboratories for microscopic, physiological, and other work. The laboratories are clean and orderly, but not extravagantly fitted out. I surmise that he is quite cranky about order. The microscopical laboratory is the best. He has a small plant house on the second floor of a small projection, or annex to building.

The work of the department seems to be fairly well balanced.

The collection room contains jars with fungi, fruits, etc. It is a working set. The same dark room serves for photography and for plant experiments. He also has another dark room. Also a chemical hood.

He lives in the Institute.

There is a good reference library and a small reading room.

An assistant then took me to the garden Inspector, who showed me about. The garden originally belonged to a cloister, and has an area of 8.8 hectares. It contains an old astronomical observatory. It is located on the high banks ^{or low bluffs} of the Saale, and has a superior position.

It is well-kept, and is superior to that at Leipzig. There are ecological groups, such as alpines, cactus beds, fern beds, ponds, etc. There are several ponds with lilies, etc. One in a plant house contains fine *Victoria Regia* plants. The garden contains 500 species of trees.

There are also several small (low) sunken forcing beds covered with common window ^{glass} frames. These are kept open a little for ventilation by blocks of wood. In them are grown *Drosera*,

Sarracenia, *Sphagnum*, etc. *Dionaea* is also grown in a double forcing-bed, - a sort of "house within a house", with a double cover. The gardener (or Inspector), a man I judge who has passed 40, deplored the fact that he had not gone to America. He says this ^(his) country is suffering, and people are poor, because too much money is required to support the nobility and royalty, and the army. He was not enthusiastic in his comments on conditions as they exist in the "Vaterland". I sent postal cards home, and we left for Naumburg and Jena at 11:15 AM. It had been raining, and was still threatening, and all the windmills along the way were grinding or sawing wood. The fields were too wet for work. We followed the valley of the Saale to Naumburg, and as we approached

the latter the surface became rougher.

We took dinner at the depot at
Naumburg, and left for Jena at 12:45 P.M.

We still followed the Saale valley. The
bluffs became rougher and much timbered.

We reached Jena at 1:38 P.M., and checked
our baggage.

I went at once to the Botanical Garden.

It is quite large, and the surface
runs up in banks or terraces from
the lower flat on which the Botany
building stands. It rises west and north.

The building is a straggling two-story
affair. On the S. side it has a
tablet bearing this inscription:

W. Pringsheim
1864-1868.

Dr. Strasburger followed Pringsheim,
1868-1881, and Dr. Stahl has been
here since 1881.

(On the plains of Hungary & Germany vineyards
are in general use.)

I called to see Dr. Stahl, but was
advised by his assistant that he would
not be there for an hour, so I went
into the garden to photograph.

I took photos. 6, 29, 30 (Schleiden's
^{father of Morphological Botany -}
monument with bust, -1804-1881), 3, 4,
and 24.

The surface of the garden is varied. The
more open part is on the flat, and in
its far part are the plant houses. The
tallest one is used for storing large plants, palms, etc., in winter.
The heavier woods are on higher
ground, and the ravine in which
the palms are located is especially
attractive.

I returned to the building and
found Dr. Stahl. He is a venerable
old man, ^{a bachelor,} rather small of stature,
with a white beard, and is a
very keen, kindly man, - one of
the old school of scholars. He
had been one of ^{the} students of DeBary, - with
Farlow.

He piloted me about and showed me both the building and garden.

A laboratory on the south side has 3 rows of long tables, with microscopes, - each microscope under a tall bell-jar. It is a laboratory for beginners and will seat about 28.

He has a total of 150 students for lectures. The lecture room is roomy and has a projecting apparatus, also for microscopic slides. The library is small.

A collection of fine models for class use. There are dissected materials, models, etc.

Dr. Stahl has a modest but rather roomy private laboratory, and two laboratories for advanced students, - moderate, with moderate equipment.

Attached to the building on the outside, on the south, is a small plant house for experimental purposes. This is all on first floor. Up stairs are the rooms of docents, etc.

On the whole the department gives the impression of neatness but modesty.

We then went into the garden, which seems to be the pride of Dr. Stahl. It contains 3000-4000 plants. The soil is limestone, and hence special place is made for peat plants.

Lycopodium, Sphagnum, etc. are cultivated in covered hot-beds (forcing beds).

Sarracenia, Darlingtonia and Sphagnum are cultivated in a pit (covered with glass) in water.

There is a bed of salt plants. The plants are periodically sprayed with salt solutions, and plants other than halophytes disappear.

The plant houses have many interesting and unique features. There is a small, rather dark, very humid room which is especially good for mosses and liverworts.

Aquatic plants, such as have roots, are planted in pots and then sunken in water.

The houses are sunken, only the roof projecting, because it is easier to equalize the temperature and moisture.

There is a small cubby-hole, or moist chamber, (with glass door?) for storing plants just brought in from the field.

A very damp house is reserved for epiphytes, etc. Experimental work is carried on here and in other houses.

There is a taller house, southwest near the garden house, in which the palms, and other tall plants are stored in winter.

The plant-house space here, as in all these European gardens, seems very large to one accustomed to our modest rooms.

Another feature in this (as well as most of the gardens) is the lily ponds. These are good, and several.

The doctor also showed me about in the arboretum part of the garden (northwest) and said that they made no effort to get all the species of trees, as there was not room, but that he tries to get good common types from various parts of the world.

Near the southwest corner of the garden stands the garden house in the upper story of which Goethe often lived during the summer.

A gardener, two assistants, and some women for special work, such as cutting grass, weeding, etc., take care of the garden.

The outlook, especially from the arboretum (higher) part of the garden is fine, and

Dr. Stahl lead me to one spot from which the view was especially fine, down the ^{palm} ravine, across the garden, and out towards the nearby mountains. The doctor evidently has the aesthetic sense strongly developed, for he also directed us to some beautiful ^{mountain} views near Eisenach.

When we returned to the building we found Bertha and Paul waiting for me. After a visit with Dr. Stahl we went out into the garden again, and I took photos 24 and 27.

We then went towards the old University building. I took photo 1. We walk through the corridor of the university, with its quaint ^{old} paintings. This building also contains ^{students'} a career similar to the famous one at Heidelberg.

We then took a walk through the

quaint, interesting old town, past the old church, the square at the old Rathaus, in which the people take pride in telling you Bismarck once addressed them, to Haacke's villa and his Institute. The streets are ^{and crooked,} narrow, and everywhere the people swarm over them without regard to sidewalks. This is the greatest place that I ever saw for memorial tablets. There are tablets everywhere recording the fact that famous men, like the von Humboldts, etc., had occupied the house. In some cases this seems to have been carried by friends and families to cases of inconsequential private citizens.

The odd city is strung along a narrow valley for some distance, and its surroundings of mountain scenery are beautiful, and furnish fine opportunities for the botanist.

On returning, after a long journey, to the depot we learned that our train leaves for Weimar from the other depot (the Preussische Staatsbahnhof) at the far end of the city. We reached this depot by car, too late for the earlier train.

We left at 8³⁷ PM, and reached Weimar at 9¹³.

It had been raining more or less, but fortunately was fairly clear while I worked in the garden.

It was late when we travelled, but so far as I could see we kept on along the valley, and the bordering heights were quite rugged.

We put up at the Thüringer Hof.

Bertha was particularly anxious to visit Weimar because of the old Schiller and Goethe associations, - which the natives know so well how to turn to financial advantage!

July 24, 1914 - Friday.

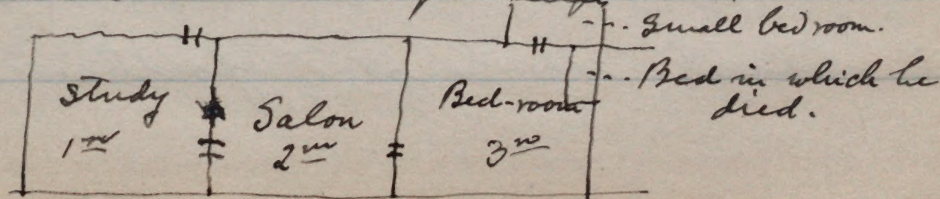
Started out at 9 A.M. Sent out cards to the folks, prof. Wilson, etc.

We then visited Schiller's house (50 ff.). There are numerous pictures and busts of him in corridors and rooms.

We saw a number of original MSS., among them that of Wilhelm Tell.

In the first ^{and second} room of his quarters, which were on the upper floor of the building, there is a painting of Schiller by Tischbein (1806), and a picture of his wife, Charlotte Lengefeld, also his death-mask, a lock of hair, cup, and other personal relics. The MSS. are in the first room, and most of the others in second room.

There are three rooms in line, and the last was the one in which he died. They are arranged as follows:



In the 3rd room are her klavier and mandolin, etc. An engraving of the Battle of Bruner Hill, a gift from an American friend, hangs on the wall. His desk, chairs, bed and little library are just as he left them.

This is all in the second story, top floor. It is evident that Schiller was not in good circumstances.

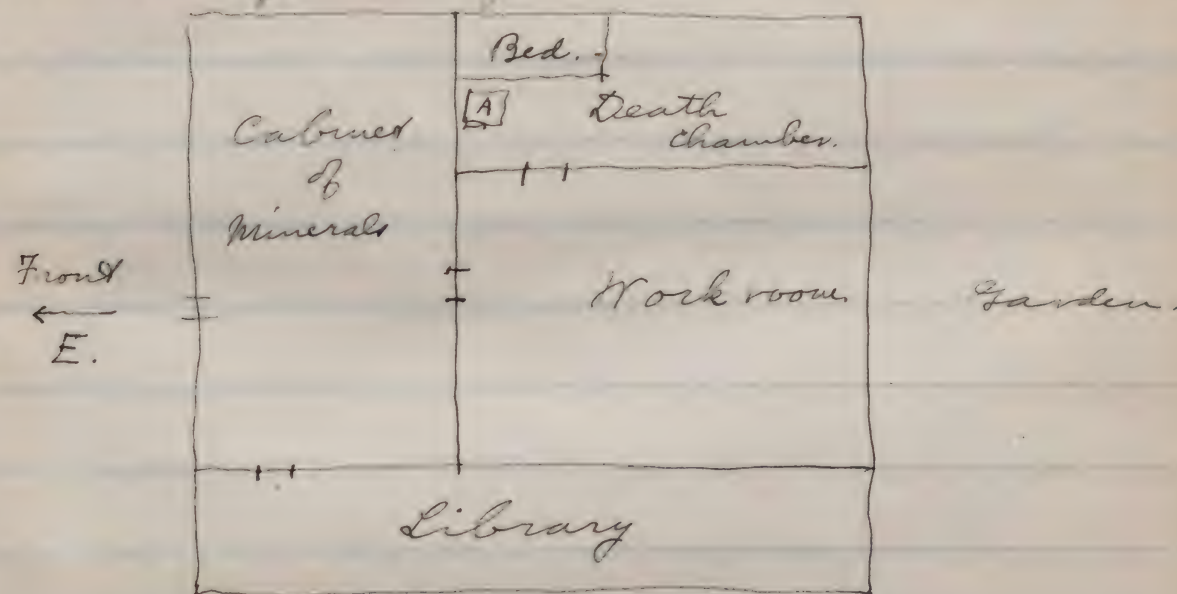
We then went to Goethe's house, a much more pretentious place.

There is a nice, home-like garden in the rear, - the building fronts on the street.

The building is a museum in which the art & scientific collections of this versatile man are kept. There are busts and pictures galore, - among the latter Goethe's own peculiar silhouettes in black. A bust of Goethe examining

Schiller's skull, etc., etc.

We visited the working room and death chamber in the rear. This part is arranged as follows:



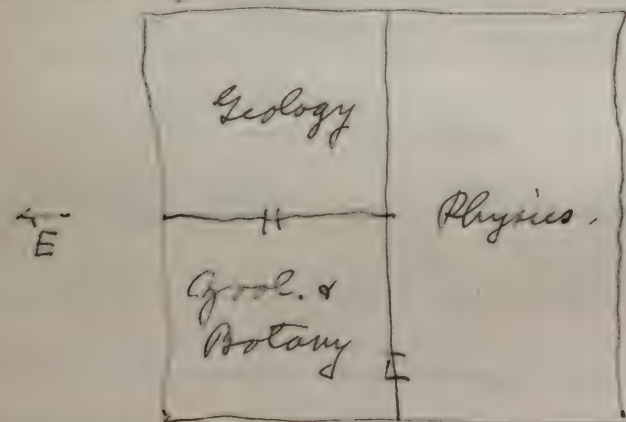
At A. stands the chair in which he died. The cabinet of minerals is quite extensive. This room opens into the library, in which the books are as he left them.

The work room is simple, with his working table and all as he left them. A plate of soil, which had been brought to him from the garden for examination

on the day of his death still stands on a desk near his work table.

Next to this room is the bed-room in which he died, with the chair in which he died still in place.

Upstairs there is a large art gallery. This part of the building was occupied by his grandchildren while he lived. Next to this (south) are the scientific museums arranged about as follows:

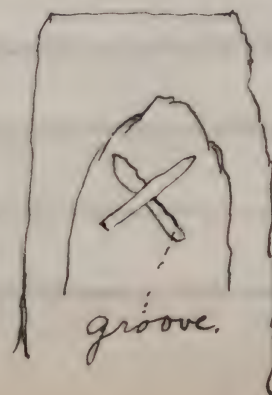
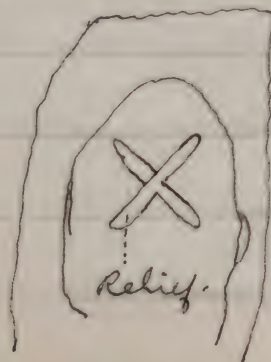


The Physics room contains a large amount of physical apparatus, especially such as is of use in light and color studies, to which he devoted special

attention. There are here collections of butterflies, shells and corals and birds, all selected with special reference to studies of color and light in the organic world. There are also paintings to show color, color-disks, apparatus for the investigation of the physiology of vision (the eye, etc.), and a dark room for optical experiments.

The room for Botany and Zoology also contains much interesting material.

There are woods, fungi, and some fine illustrations of plant pathology and plant repair. There are especially fine examples of repair. One stem appears as follows:



There are also flattened stems

In the Zoological cases are skulls and bones, turtles, starfishes, reptiles, etc.

The geological room contains rocks and minerals, fossils, etc. There is a large, crumbling tusk of *Elephas*, and two very large nuggets of gold.

In looking over all this material one marvels at the versatility of this great genius. He is remembered as a literary giant, but he was artist and scientist at the same time, and his scientific work covered a field which would appal the modern worker.

We left somewhat with the feeling that the good people of Weimar are very much inclined to commercialize sentiment.

After dinner we took the train for

Frankfurt a. Main, at 1:18 P.M. The country from Weimar to Erfurt is not very rough. We still seem to be in a valley. From Erfurt to Gotha, and beyond, the country grows rougher and more picturesque. Mountains appear on the left. At Weimar it is much the same. The mountains are heavily timbered all along, - on the left. On the right there are rocky bluffs. This runs about the same to Eisenach.

The forest seems to be largely spruce, but there is some Scotch pine and deciduous forest.

At Eisenach a lady¹⁾ parting with a man whom she addressed as "Professor", stood right in the window of the door for a long time with absolutely no concern for the comfort of the other occupants of the section. In all

the German and Austrian sections which I have visited there seems to be an utter disregard of the ordinary niceties in public places. You are pushed aside at ticket windows, etc., if you tolerate it, and such a thing as politeness seems not to be on the list of usages.

The women here carry "muse".

The region continues picturesque to Bebra, where we changed, at 3.5^{PM}.

We have now passed around the end of the great Thuringian Forest (mountains). From Bebra we followed a river valley for some distance. The slopes in places are rough and timbered. Along this valley they build pretty arched stone bridges of reddish granite^(?). Some across the river have several arches.

The country towards Frankfurt is less rough.

Just before coming to Schlüchtern we passed through a tunnel 10 minutes long.

We reached Frankfurt at 7.05 PM., and put up at a German hotel, - Jilk's place. It rained much today. In the evening, after supper, we took a walk about the city. At Frankfurt we had our first glimpse of the Rhine^{main}.

We have received news of ^{a possible} the declaration of war against Serbia, by Austria, and there is much comment everywhere on the possibilities of a general war. The general reports, however, indicate that some settlement will be reached, - an outcome for which the masses of the German people seem to hope.

Everywhere Germans seem to be of the opinion that if a general war breaks out it will be a life and death struggle for Germany.

July 25, 1914 - Saturday.

I left for Mainz at 9:51 AM., and Paul and Bertha will follow later.

It is cloudy, but the clouds are somewhat broken, and the sun occasionally appears.

The country at first is flat.

A big, sturdy-looking fellow just came in and carefully closed the window, although it is warm!

Most of these people have no conception of the value of fresh air.

Along this plain or valley, there is quite a bit of forest, both coniferous and deciduous, - probably on sandy soils.

We followed the broad valley to the Main, and down its valley to Mainz, where we crossed the Rhine. I changed at Mainz, after checking my suitcase, and went on

to Heidesheim, which we reached at 11¹⁴ AM. Germans on the train were discussing the possibility of war with England, and they expressed the opinion that this is a favorable time for Germany, because England is now having its Ulster troubles.

I took a lunch at the Gasthaus in Heidesheim. An old man, who was at the Gasthaus, accompanied me for a short distance, to the sand banks on the way to Budenheim.

Just out of the village, east, there is a sand bank, just south of the road which runs just south of the R.R.

My informant says the station at Heidesheim is 95 m. above the sea, and this sand bank no. 1 is 5 or 6 meters higher. It looks to me about 50 feet above the general valley.

I took photo 3, and collected a box of marine shells, mostly Cerithium, from cut 1. There are also land shells here, but they appear to be on the surface, and the bleached shells are comparatively recent additions.

The sand is stratified, and is said to be 25+ m. deep. There are snails in the deeper parts also, but my informant could give me nothing definite as to their nature.

I then took photographs of the sandy area in the vicinity of this bank 1, which still shows the native sand-steppe flora. Photos 4, 29 + 30 show this, the two latter with two little German girls: Eva Kieffer, Bleichstrasse, and Maria Eschborn, Bleichstrasse nr. 26, both in Heiderheim.

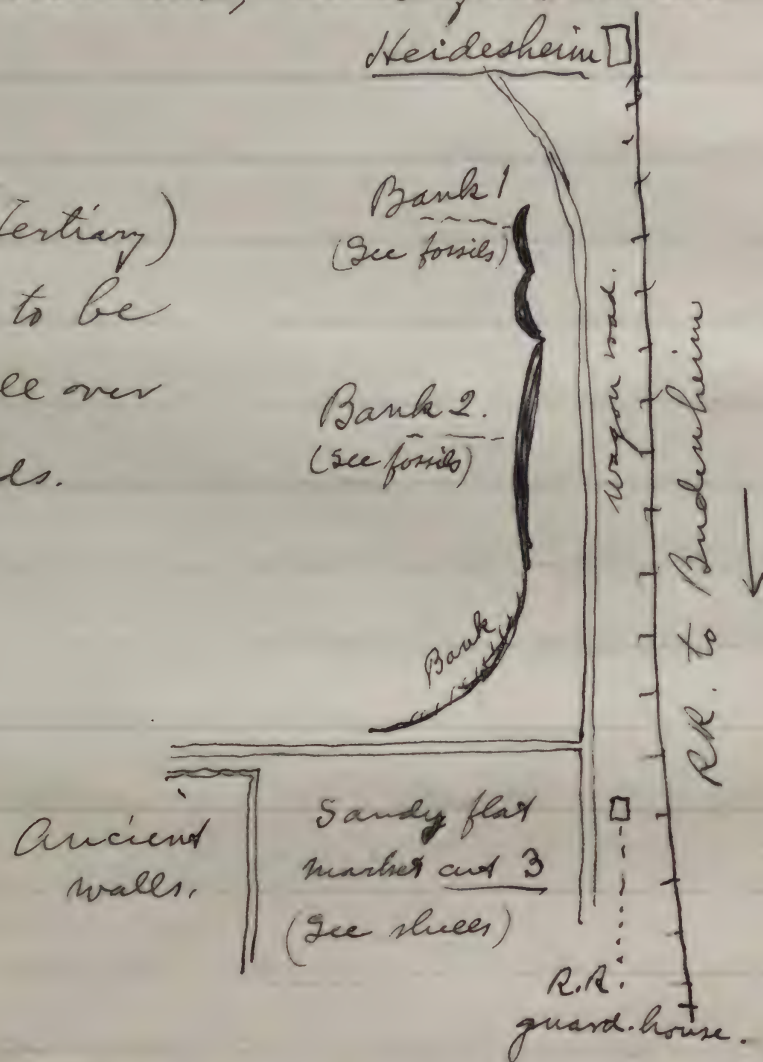
The sand in this area is almost

without humus, and the vegetation is xerophytic and somewhat tufted. The most common grass is a Koehleria. Then there are numerous plants of a yellow Gnaphalium-like species, also some Leguminosae, and a good many pads of a fine moss, - probably more than one species. A spiny shrub (Cytisus-like), pads of purple leguminose plants and a brown Orobanch (?), were also noticed. I noticed stunted Solanum nigrum.

The sand-bank 1 continues in a second sand-bank, not numbered, and this in a third, long bank, marked Bank 2, from which I also collected a box of shells. Beyond this, in the Budenheim direction, the sand bank extends to the side road. Beyond this road is a sandy flat on which the sand

shifts more or less, and here I also picked up marine shells, and some terrestrials, - some of the latter fresh!

The marine (Tertiary) shells seem to be scattered all over these sands.



I started for Budenheim, first along the macadamized road, and then by cross-paths. The latter were somewhat confusing, and I ran upon

the guard at the powder-storage place, who directed me to the marked tourists path which leads through the forest. All this area is sandy, and there is much Scotch pine forest, - some of it scattered, as if native, and much no doubt planted.

There is almost no undergrowth in the forest, only an occasional *Juniperus communis*, and the ground (sand) is almost covered with mosses and *Cladonia rangiferina*. Aside from these there are only occasional tufts of rather slender ^{farther on} grasses. The commonest moss is a coarse, yellow species (See specimen) which has no fruit. There are other species of mosses, - *Dicranum*, etc., but the yellow species dominates. I also picked up fungi, on sticks in sand.

The farther part of the forest (towards Bundenheim, appears like a native forest.

I took photo 27 near Bundenheim.

I reached Bundenheim just in time to escape a rainstorm. Many gardens ^{towards Mainz} ~~on sand~~.

I left at 5:51 P.M. and reached Mainz at 6:04 P.M. I waited for Paul and Bertha, who, however, had come in earlier, and found that they had put up at the nearby Bayerische Hof, and secured room 8 for me.

After supper we took a walk about the city, which also has many narrow streets in the older part, saw the churches, but the greatest interest was centered in the crowds, much excited over the news that Serbia had not accepted Austria's ultimatum, and that war is inevitable. Excited groups gathered about the newspaper offices, and officers showed much excitement. It was rainy in the evening and very cool. ^{Bought} cards, guides & boxes.

July 26, 1914 - Sunday.
~~The hotel people failed to call us, but I awakened early.~~

Early in the morning there was much commotion among the soldiers and officers; quite movements, personal baggage appeared, and evidently much excitement was on. There were also several groups of excursionists who marched by with brass bands.

We prepared for the Rhine trip, and started at 8:10 A.M. on the steamer "Rheingold". The day started out bright, but soon became cold and windy, with the sky mostly overcast.

We stopped at Biebrich, - first stop, down the Rhine. Our tickets read to St. Goar, which is near the Lorelei. Biebrich is the port for Wiesbaden.

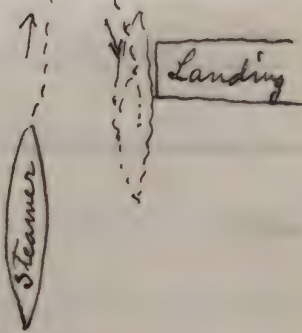
The water of the Rhine is not clear, but rather yellowish, - clearer however than the Danube when I saw it.

We stopped at Niederwalluf. All the

way the shores are low, and the rounded bluffs are some distance back. Just below Niederwalluf the banks on the right are a little higher, and the valley narrows somewhat. There are beautiful villas on the right, just below the landing. The next stop was at Eltville. Here there are also villas all along. These are only higher banks between Niederwalluf and Eltville, - the rounded bluffs are farther back.

Also saw a "white-above red" flag along the river. The boats have a peculiar way of landing, - illustrated as follows:

Here, along the river, I noticed a row of sycamores, trimmed like *Robinia* in Prague, hence top reduced, rounded and bushy. The shores are flatter on the left.



On the right the slopes run up gradually to rather distant hills. The next stop is at Oestrich-Winkel. The shores here are rather flat and low, and then a gradual slope rises to a high timbered hill, or mountain, with a castle (?) on top. The whole slope is covered with nice fields. Timbered islands cut off the view on the other side. The next stop is at Freiwinkel, - with Ingelheim on the left side.

On the right, on an almost treeless knob, stands Johannisberg. It is modern in appearance, and a town stretches along the flat shore. The bluffs on the left are far back. There are many steamers on the river. Geisenheim is the next stop. There are islands and flat shores to the left. There are hills back on the right, and still farther on the left.

We passed two great boat-loads of lumber. The next stop is at Rüdesheim. Just below this they are building a new bridge across the Rhine, - not yet on map.

The shores on the left are low, and recede far back to very low hills.

There are no bluffs on the left.

Below Rüdesheim, but on high slope, is the "National Denkmal", - a great figure of a woman on a tall and large pedestal, holding a wreath or crown aloft in her right hand. It is near the top of the hill.

Opposite this, on left side, the ^{timbered} bluffs come suddenly close to the river, - like those just at and below Rüdesheim, (or Rüdesheim, as it is at landing).

Just below the reddish-stone bluff on left the bluffs recede slightly, and the lower slopes are cultivated.

Rüdesheim seems to have attracted a good many of our passengers. The slopes here are covered with vineyards.

Just below Rüdesheim the bluffs come close to the river (this is the first narrowing of the valley), and the slopes rise quite abruptly, but are covered with terraced vineyards.

Bingen is the next stop, and here the bluffs are close to the river. Bingen looks to me to be a little too smudgy to deserve the poet's title of "fair Bingen on the Rhine." This, however, is the beginning of the most picturesque part of the Rhine valley.

On the right, just below Bingen, only part way up the slope, there are old ruins, - an ivy-covered tower and the old walls of a castle, - Ehrenfels. (see postal).

Opposite this is an island, - a rock on which Mouse Tower stands, - now used to

control navigation, but once a toll station.

Here is the whirl-pool; ~~the~~ ^{the} Binger Loch.

Below Bingen the valley narrows, and the heavily-wooded slopes rise high, and close to the river. On the right, just opposite Bingen, are beautifully terraced vineyards clear to the top. The terraces are built with walls of rocks.

The next stop is at Assmannshausen, and opposite this are the ruins of an old castle, ^{Burg} Rheinstein (see postal)

I tried snap-shots at Rheinstein (photo 23) and the vineyards opposite Bingen (photo 24). We also passed the castle of Falkenburg on the left.

On the right all along, are steep slopes, with vineyards.

~~Below~~ ^{Below} Falkenhansen we passed the castle Sonneck. In nearly all (or all) of the cases seen the castles are distinctly

below the tops of the bluff or hills.

The Sonneck castle, ^(see postal card) is beautiful, with its setting of the forest-covered mountain. Schloss Heimburg is lower down, - both on the left side. The slopes around are cultivated, and the village strings along at the base. The walls are ivy-covered. Above the village of Rheindiebach rises the castle of Fürstenberg. It is about half way up the slope, and has a large tower.

On the left the slopes farther on are cultivated. Just above Bacharach rises the castle of Stahleck. Tried a snap-shot - photo 7. Also photo 8 at the vine-covered hills below Bacharach, with ledges. Below Bacharach more rocky ledges appear, but every bit of available surface is cultivated.

The next stop is at Caub. Here the

castle, ^{Die} Pfalz is located on a low rocky island, low down, - in the river. (See postal card). Above (higher than) Caub rises the castle of Gutenfels (see postal card). It is located on a rock half way up the slope. All along here the slopes are terraced and covered with vineyards.

The valley is very narrow all along here. Next on the left we saw the castle ^(see postal card) Schönberg, and our next stop was at Oberwesel. Schönberg stands out prominently near the top of the lower bluff.

We sailed down the narrow valley, past the Lorelei rock, and stopped at St. Goar, which is the station for Lorelei. Right opposite St. Goar is St. Goarshausen and above it towers the castle Katz ^(see postal card). On the left hand side, just below St. Goar is the castle Rheinfels (see postal card), - another great ruin, and

still farther down, on the right side, we could see the ruins of the castle Maus.

It rained much of the way down the river, and was raining hard when we landed. We took dinner at the Rheinfels Hotel at St. Goar, and after dinner the sky cleared for a time.

I took photos 27 and 28. We then crossed the river on the ferry steamer "Lorelei" to St. Goarshausen, and I took photo. 5.

We then walked down the river toward the Lorelei. I took photo 6 from near the base of the Lorelei.

We purchased cards at a stand and climbed to the top of the Lorelei.

At the top I found open steppes, covered with a xerophytic vegetation. I noticed grasses, *Daucus carota*, *Achillea*, leguminose plants, etc., - the usual steppe lot.

Few composites. The view of the deep valley, rocky bluffs, terraced & wooded hills, & villages strung along river is fine. - also ruins of castles, rushing waters, etc.

Similar areas appear on the banks all around, - especially on the Loreley side of the river. This would be a good place to study the remnants of the steppe flora. These patches appear brownish just now, - from grasses, - like our prairie.

I took photos on top of Loreley ridge, with the Castle Katz beyond.

I collected a few plants at the top of Loreley, and after making small purchases (a whistle for Frank and a small mirror for Anna) we descended. Near the top, on the wooded slopes, I collected some land shells.

We walked past Loreley, but as we could get no view to photograph, we returned, and I took photo 2, looking up the river. I also took photos 29 & 30, of the Katz. There is a large number of steamers on the river, and many people are hereabouts.

The river here is swift, narrow, and seems to have rapids and whirlpools in places. We came down from Lorelei just in time to escape a drenching rain.

The climb up to the top of Lorelei is pretty stiff. She used to cure them by water, now she gets them by land!

Horrible caricatures of Lorelei combing her hair and enticing fellows in boats (or tubs) are on sale. I refused them. I sent out cards to the folks, Maehde and Wilson, - and Emma.

We returned to St. Goar by ferry. A large steamer, - the Drachenfels, - which had been sailing up and down the river, with band playing, was at the landing. It had been chartered by a gay bunch of fellows (old and young) who were fraternity men. They wore flat caps with small visors, and sashes of

narrow ribbon over one shoulder. The colors varied with the fraternity, and the class flags (color) were also displayed in great variety on the steamer. The men were all scarred more or less, - always on the left cheek, - some being badly disfigured by several scars, - the results of students duels. These duels are fought in the defense particularly of fraternity "honor".

We left at 5⁰⁰ P.M. by the steamer "Lohengrin", for Mainz. It rained again at intervals.

The crowd on the boat was pretty "jolly", - some of them too much so. Some of the women were intoxicated, but men and women kept on adding to their load of beer. When we passed the Loreley rock, the Lorelei was sung by a part of the passengers. Other German

songs were sung, - with greater or lesser success.

We also found an American artist, - a Mr. Hennings of Chicago, - who was on his way from Coblenz to Mainz. He is quite a companionable fellow.

It was miserably cold all day, - excepting when we climbed Loreley rock! - and the return trip was especially bad, since it was late, and rained much of the time. My raincoat did good service.

There has been much war-talk, - it was the one subject of conversation. It doesn't appear to me that many of the people really want war.

We reached Mainz after 9⁰⁰ P.M., and had a late supper.

We tried to get the hotel people to call us at 5 o'clock A.M., but they said that was too early, and we compromised on 5:30 A.M.

July 27, 1914 - Monday.

The hotel people again failed to call us, and we had to arouse them to pay our bills and get out. Paul docked them 50 M. each for breakfast, - which we took at the R.R. station.

We left at 6²⁰ AM. for Heidelberg, via Darmstadt.

The sky is overcast, and the day is cool.

The country towards Darmstadt is quite flat, and looks well, with good crops, and quite a lot of fruit.

We changed at Darmstadt, leaving at 7⁵⁵ AM.

Near Bickenbach mountains appear at some distance to the left. The opposite side is flat. We travel close to hills on the left, and on the right there is a great cultivated plain.

We reached Heidelberg at 9³⁸ AM., -

and it is raining! Heidelberg is located at the base of the ridge which we had been following.

We checked our baggage, and I started for the Botanical Institute.

I met Dr. Klebs, - a shock-headed (bald in front), bearded (bushy), energetic and interesting man. I had a long, pleasant chat with him concerning xerophytic plants, and I discussed my prairie work. He repeatedly referred to the fact that plants transpire even through the epidermis (cutin).

Dr. Klebs ^{wants} prairie plants, and my papers on the prairies.

He then showed me about.

He has a two-story building, with a small two-story plant-house annex. He has a total of about 150 students, of whom (as is usual in German universities)

few take laboratory work.

He has a special small chemical laboratory, with hood.

A "summer" plant-house, not artificially heated.

He has a dark room, with electric centrifugal, etc.

I also noticed colored glass compartments.

A laboratory for special advanced students

A library and reading room, - quite fair.

Another special laboratory for advanced work.

In the basement: (open & lighted)

A collection of plants-products, and demonstration material. Good.

A room for models and slides (lantern)

A large lecture room.

— There is an old greenhouse next to the building, and next to it a double

house, one part dry the other hot.

He also has sunken forcing beds, which he considers very useful.

Dr. Klebs wants wood section for both study and exhibition. Specimens half the length of this page will be sufficient. He wants them for comparative study (microscopic) chiefly.

Examinations compelled a rather hasty survey of the place, but Dr. Klebs himself impressed me as an energetic, forceful character, - and withal genial. Took dinner at a restaurant near the garden, and waited until 2 P.M. for rain to stop.

Unfortunately the Botanical Garden is removed some distance from the Botanical Institute. It is not large, as compared with some, and there is some open space in it. There seem to be a good many kinds of trees, but the central part of the garden has few.

There are beds with flowers of one group. There are rather long forcing beds (covered), - one with cacti, aloe, etc.; another with young plants, etc. They keep them partly opened by blocks.

There is a fine group of *Yuccas* and *Cordylines* (latter from Australia) near the entrance. Some of the latter are at least 25 ft. high.

There is a small lily pond.

Near the center of the garden is a group of plant-houses. There is a big, tall storage (winter) house, in which a big *Phoenix* remains even now.

Next to this are two large, low houses, sunk in so that only roofs appear above ground. I took photos 29, 30.

The Inspector lives in a rather large house near the entrance.

The garden lies along the Neckar river,

and is separated from it by an avenue with hickory trees forming a row on the outside, and the wall of the garden on the other.

I then took a photo (23) of the Botanical Institute from the Bergheimerstr. entrance; and another on the opposite side (24) from Plöck, - the Post Office side.

I started for Königstuhl, but gave it up on account of the threatening storm, - which soon broke out. I followed Hauptstrasse. It is long, narrow and crooked, and still narrower streets run out from it in the old town. It is a quaint old town, - to be compared in part with Jena.

I came upon Paul and Bertha, and together we went to the old University building, off Hauptstrasse. In this we visited the famous students'

"carcer", or prison, in which students have been imprisoned for generations, - at first by the university authorities, now by the police. If a student commits an offense he is put in here, instead of the city prison. There are two (or rather 3 connected) small cells downstairs, which are served as the carcer, and the toilet open, with slab, and the small opening through which they received food, are still here.

The present carcer is upstairs, and consists of three rooms and a corridor. Every prisoner decorates some part of the walls with paint, - usually his own profile is a part. All kinds of inscriptions appear, - even the American RATS, inscribed by one, Max Saloman of San Francisco. Each prisoner also leaves

his photo, and these are fastened with putty in a frame on the door. Otto von Bismarck's photo also graces the door of one cell. There are bars on the windows, - twisted by many efforts. Even the ceilings have inscriptions and paintings. There seems to be some sort of grouping in the cells according to fraternities.

The duel evidently prevails for I saw a very large number of men on the streets, - young men and old, - with the left cheek (and often nose) badly scarred. A curious display of German "culture"! It rained! We returned to the depot, & got a poor meal for a good price at the R.R. restaurant, - contrary to the rule, for the R.R. restaurants are usually reasonable in Germany.

I bought quite a number of postal

cards showing the city, and especially the university. A set of camera pictures, dwelling, etc.

We left Heidelberg at 7:28 P.M.

We ran along the Neckar, with bluffs on our left, and a plain (cultivated) to the right. It rained much of the way.

We changed cars at Appenweier, and reached Strassburg at 11:25 P.M.

We put up at the Pfälzerhof Hotel on Kleine Renngasse.

It isn't much of a hotel, but we were glad to get in, as everyone around the square said all the hotels were full. I had room 10 on the 3rd floor. The ventilation was bad, and ^{the} featherbed had a bad odor.

We did fairly well, however. The place is quite evidently French.

July 28, 1914 - Wednesday.

The day was dark and gloomy, but several times later in the day the sun broke through the clouds.

We started to walk to the Pharmacological Institute, and then towards the Botanical Garden and Institute.

We crossed several arms of the Ill Fluss, into Little France.

Here there are crooked narrow streets, and the town looks old. The buildings here are of a different type, the roofs steep, with high gables. Many arcades also appear along the streets. Dogs hitched to milk-wagons are a common sight.

After stopping for a bit at the Pharmacological bldg. we walked up towards the main university building. On the way (we followed the Ill for some distance)

we saw a Strassburg laundry.¹

There are three large covered structures in the river, at first appearing like floating house-boats, on which a large number of women was engaged in washing clothes. They use the river water, and rub the clothes with a brush on an inclined plane, - a wash board. We saw another later.

The main university building is quite a structure, and faces towards the river, with a large park in front.

I then walked out to the Botanical Institute and garden.

Prof. Jost was not in, being engaged for the day somewhere in a "versuch", and his assistant, Dr. K. Noack, evidently a young Jew, who spoke fair English, showed me about.

The building is clean-looking, with tile floors in the halls. It was built between 1875 and 1880.

There are about 100 students, including the Medics.

There are two floors and a basement. On the upper floor there are three laboratories for advanced students. These are not large. There is a small plant-house attached to this floor as a veranda. This is for experimental work.

After the Franco-Prussian war the university became German. The old De Bary herbarium is still here, and is kept in a sort of garret above this upper floor. It is wholly systematic, and contains no cryptogams.

The Physiological work is all done in the three small laboratories.

There is not much apparatus; - a hot-water bath (incubator), and some minor apparatus.

There is a small chemical laboratory with hood.

There is a long narrow laboratory for microscopic work chiefly.

Nearby are the library and reading room, - both fair, - and in charge of an assistant who has other work to do.

On the lower floor there is a large general lecture room, with DeBary's bust. The Assistant had to get up to where he could read the name ^(or who) before he could tell what _{it} is.

Adjoining is a room for the demonstration collections. ~~It~~ contains materials in alcohol and formalin, dry fruits, etc.

This is quite large, - larger than usually. There is also a small demonstration herbarium for lectures.

There is a small lecture room with benches and desk-labels.

Dr. Jost has two large laboratory rooms for his own use.

The basement has a "constant temperature" room, but the temperature is regulated by a stove and common thermometer! It is not automatic. The room has double walls, with an airspace between them.

On the whole the department is not well-equipped. It may be that Dr. Jost himself has accurate apparatus in his private laboratories (I did not see them) but certainly little of it appears in the student's laboratories.

When I asked Dr. Noack who did their ecological work, he said they had none, - they are all physiologists.

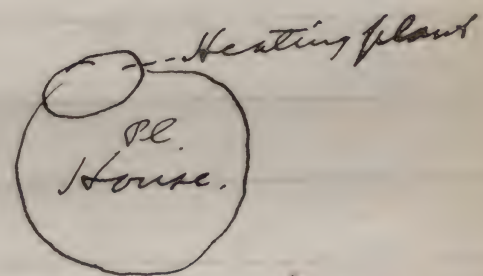
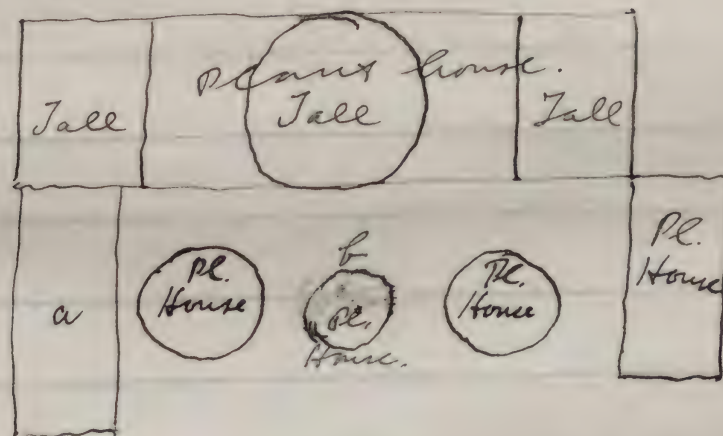
The whole thing looks seedy and "fakish," and this is also borne out by the appearance of the garden and plant-houses. The latter especially have a "run-down" look.

They seem to know nothing (or want to know nothing) of the old French institution. The place has thus lost its traditions.

Small wonder they have few students. The general situation reminds one somewhat of Prague. The university was to be a Germanizing factor, but it is evident that, as in Prague, it did not succeed, for the French sentiment is everywhere strong.

De Mary's students: Farlow, Stahl, Kostafinski

The garden, which adjoins, is good-sized, with the trees mostly around the outer part, and the center open. There is quite a group of plant-houses, arranged about so:



The large house and (a) are storage houses (for winter).

The houses are mostly above ground, some round, and they look dilapidated, - especially the slat blinds, which are loose, broken and faded. The damp, tropical house is at (b).

The house of the Inspector seems to be in the northwest corner.

The labels are porcelain, on iron rods, - a common method of marking in European gardens.

Label. There are the usual beds of cacti, etc., not so well kept here as usually.

There is a long, narrow, informal pond with swampy edges, which is not neat but looks good for work.

There are special sand-beds for sand plants.

The building of the Botanical Institute is two story, with garret and basement. It is not the building in which De Bary worked.

Bertha and I then hurried to the Cathedral to see the astronomical clock strike.

The clock is on the inside, and

an admission fee (30 pf.) is charged. It bears the dates 1838-1842.

It has figures representing the days of the week above, and these move around, and the cock at the left (large) flaps his wings and crows three times during the passing. The figures walk. Death, at the center, strikes the hour, and the angel to the angel at the left strikes the quarter, makes the planets, etc., are also shown. The clock is adjusted to the Gregorian Calendar.

This is much like the Prague Orloj in principle, and seems to me not as remarkable, - at least not in the least more so.

The figures are smaller here. There was a large crowd, standing and packed, waiting for the striking they charge again to see other parts of the Cathedral. It's charge, charge, charge!

We took dinner at a restaurant, and then went out to The "Orangerie", a park where they grow some small orange trees in tubs!

There is a fine row of cypresses on each side of the entrance driveway.

The orange trees are small, and in boxes. They are evidently stored in a large building nearby in which the windows are broad and large.

Otherwise the park is an ordinary formal, artificial park, well-kept.

I went to the depot, but learned that the passenger train does not leave until 5:52^{PM}, so I returned by car and took photos 5, 7, 8, 6, 3 and 4.

On the whole the light was fair, but later it was cloudy and drizzled a little.

I found both elders and children quite mean in deliberate interference with photography.

I walked down Langestraße, a long, narrow busy street, and reached the depot in time.

We left at 5³² PM. for Appenwier and Freiburg.

In Strassburg there is still much evidence of French influence, - one feels it in the air. The common speech of many people, the head-dress of the Elsasser women (with the flaring wings), the cooking, common physiognomies, wine, candy, cakes, etc. are all of a different type from that which we have been seeing and hearing. The buildings are also of a different type, - mostly very high-roofed affairs.

Soldiers were everywhere in evidence and I was surprised that in this city, the fortifications of which form a most important

station (military) there were no restrictions on photography. In fact I have had no trouble anywhere on this score. The fact that my photography was perfectly in the open, - I carry a conspicuous outfit, - and that it was manifestly perfectly innocent, no doubt relieved me from trouble.

The city of Strassburg has no doubt become largely German (I am told the country is still French), the streets are named in German, one sees many German firm names, and German is very commonly spoken. Yet the French influence is still noticeable, as noted above.

In passing from Strassburg to Appenweier we crossed a broad plain, with mountains visible in the southwest.

The Rhine, where we cross it, is a large, rapid stream. Indeed, as far as I have seen the Rhine it reminds one of the Missouri river

in its rushing, swirling waters. Mountains (or hills) also finally appear in the east.

We changed at Appenweier for Freiburg. Along the way, in villages, we saw two stork nests on churches. It was disagreeable and rainy most of the time.

We reached Freiburg at about 9 P.M. and put up at the Gum Post Hotel, opposite the post office. Rooms are so scarce that I had to content myself with a room fitted up from an old bath-room!

Freiburg lies on the river plain almost wholly, and back of it rises the Black Forest, and immediately above it the Schlossberg which has been transformed into a pretty park, with promenades, fine outlooks, etc.

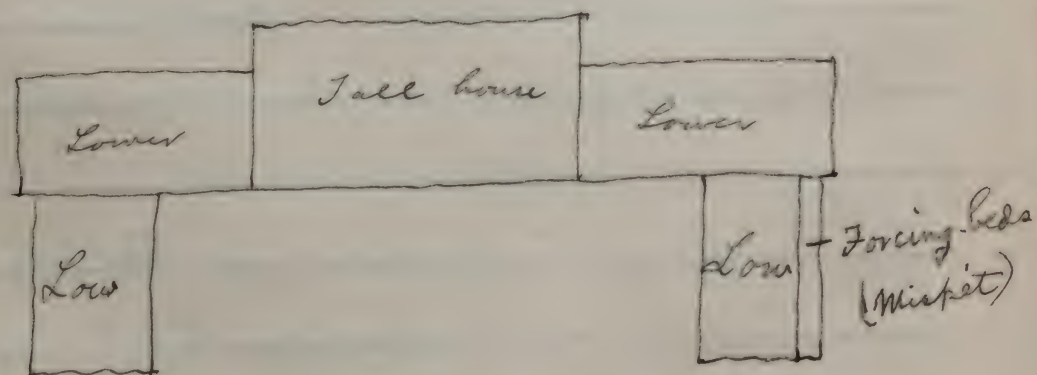
On the plain to the west are two abrupt elevations, - the nearer lower one is and the farther one is Kaiserstuhl.

July 29, 1914, Wednesday.

In the forenoon I walked over to the old Botanical Garden. Things do not look very bright, but a new garden is being made at the new Botanical Institute, and this one will be given up.

The department of botany had been very badly crowded, and it was compelled to do its work in the rooms of the department of zoology. Everything had to be carried back and forth daily!

The old garden contains a lily-pond, the usual special beds and a number of old plant houses, arranged as follows:



In the afternoon I went to the new Botanical Institute, and as Prof. Altmanus had not yet come I took photographs 5, 6, 1 and 2.

The gardens and plant-houses are in the making, and everywhere there are laborers digging, grading, etc., and mechanics putting up the houses. The garden is on a flat not far from the base of the mountain, and presents little variation in surface.

The building is new, large, and has been occupied since last April. It is the usual concrete affair, very nicely finished within. There are two full stories, a top floor and a basement.

I went back to the building, and as Prof. Altmanus was not yet in, a young assistant, who used fair English, showed me about.

There are now about 370 students in botany. One third to one-half are ladies!

Of these 6 are candidates for the Ph.D., and 12 are on the way. (Some of them do not finish here.)

On the first main floor is the large lecture room, ^{2 stories high,} which will seat 340.

By elevator and cars plants will be brought directly from the plant house under cover, - without coming outside.

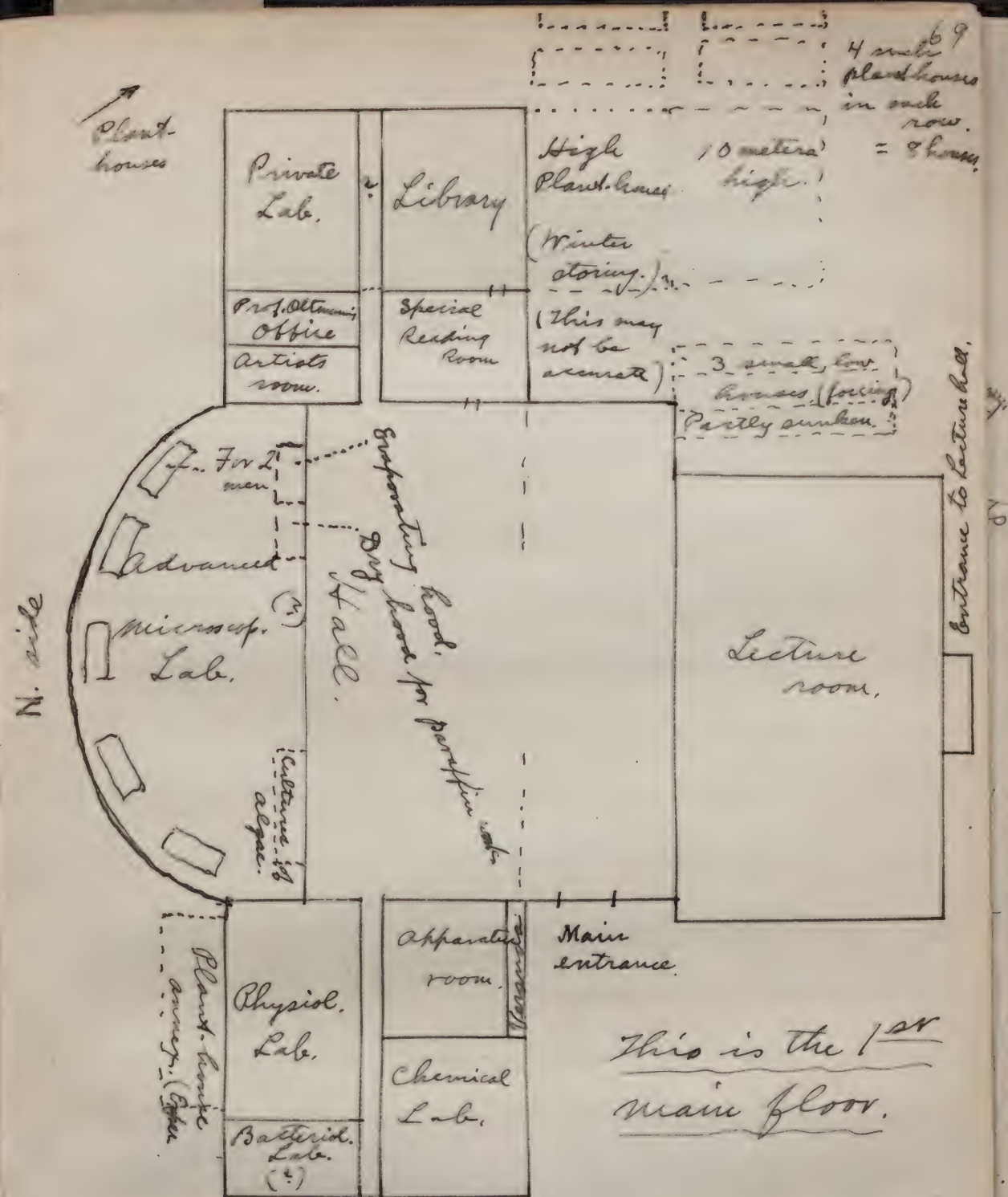
The projecting apparatus is in a small room back of the front wall of the lecture-room, and the screen consists of tissue paper. The apparatus is thus hidden, and the operator is near enough to hear the lecturer. A short-focus lens is used.

Prof. Oltmanns has a nice office and private laboratory on this floor.

There is a good sized general library and reading-room room, and a smaller adjoining one for daily use. In this latter are the references most frequently used.

The physiological lab. is roomy, and the experimental plant house is convenient.

This is entered from basement. (2/).



This is the 1st main floor.

a building for the inspectors workshop will stand next to the low houses. There are two rows of these houses, - 4 in a row.

These 8 houses (as far as shown) are quite low and above ground. They are now being put up.

This is the best-lighted building that I have seen. This is a feature.

There is a bacteriological room with fine bath, electrical centrifuge, etc.

It occupies a part of the space marked Physiol. Lab., - I think the outside. This is right.

The chemical lab. is fairly large, and the apparatus room is convenient.

The second floor has a roomy dark room for experimental purposes, with good electric equipment.

There are several small laboratories for students, - this is a feature.

There are also several dark rooms, - another feature.

In the curved part there is a large laboratory for beginners.

On the north side there are three laboratories for more advanced students.

They correspond in location to the labs. marked ^(There are smaller ones?) (Bacteriological, and) Physiological, and the Private Lab. and Library.

These are all splendidly lighted.

Linoleum is used on the floors.

There are 36 rooms on this floor, and 12 in the basement. There are also others in the wing above the lecture room.

A chart room just back of the front of the lecture room is a feature.

The charts are backed with cloth, and hung on rods. There are many, - mostly home-made.

This chart room opens on a narrow gallery above the lecture platform, and the charts are suspended from a narrow metallic rail or rim on the railing of this gallery.

The third floor contains rooms for the collections, - which are not yet large. There is a small lecture room above the large one.

There are still other rooms on these last two floors, - for a "sluka" or "Diener", for the dwelling of the Garden

Inspector, and for other purposes. Large storage space is found on the topmost floor.

There is good telephone service for the whole building, and everything is arranged in up-to-date fashion.

The basement is also utilized to good advantage.

There is a constant-temperature dark-room, and a constant-temperature light-room, - both automatically controlled by a thermostat, which turns a plate so that the warm currents of air are turned in or out, - as required.

There is a sterilizing room, dark-rooms, etc., and a shop, with a mechanic and two assistants!

This is by far the finest Botanical Institute that I have seen in Europe, but I am everywhere told (Dr. Oltmanns says the same) that München has the finest.

I met Dr. Oltmanns. He is a genial, courtly old bachelor, and I enjoyed my visit very much. When he learned that Bertha was waiting for me he insisted on having her come in. He is evidently quite a ladies' man, - though he doesn't like to have so many women among the students!

He says the grounds contain 3.8 hectares, and of this .6 is occupied by buildings, leaving 3.2 hectares free. He wanted grounds on the base of the mountain, - or rather a small knob at its foot, - but the cost was too great, and too many owners were concerned. The present grounds belonged to one owner, and negotiations were easier.

Prof. Oltmanns is at work on a Flora of the Black Forest, and he showed

no a large number of fine plates, drawn by an elderly artist who is at work in a small room near the Professor's office. Dr. Oltmanns does not speak English.

Dr. Oltmanns wants my prairie papers, etc.

My raincoat, left for a while outside, was taken. The empty boxes in it were opened and thrown away. Evidently the thief searched for valuables.

We returned to the hotel in the rain, and I spent the evening, and late into the night, trying to figure out a course by which I might remain longer with Bertha and Paul.

Here we had the first definite news that Austria had declared war against Serbia (on the 28th), but still everywhere hope was expressed that peace would come, and it was reported that the King of England would arbitrate the dispute.

July 30, 1914, Thursday.

I went to the Botanical Institute in the morning in the hope that I might learn something of my raincoat, - but in vain.

I then called on the Geological Institute to see Prof. Deecke.

He was lecturing, and I looked about.

I noticed a topographic map, built up by sticking rather thick sheets of paper, cut successively according to contour lines.

I found a young assistant, who suggested that Kaiserstuhl is best for loess.

He also gave me the address of a man interested in loess and diluvial mollusca:

David Geyer

Stuttgart

Silberburgstr. 165, II.

Mr. Geyer has just published a new paper, - 1914. Send for it.

I also met Prof. Deninger, Freiburg: B. Geological Institut.

He is interested in fossil mammals, and wants all papers on the subject for review.

I also met Prof. Deecke, who speaks no English. He pointed out in detail two localities which I should visit, - Wasenweiler and Gottenheim.

He wishes to exchange European loess and diluvial shells for loess fossils from America.

I left for Wasenweiler at 10:09 a.m., and reached it at 10:28.

I walked to the quaint village which is strung along the base of Kaiserstuhl. The slopes of Kaiserstuhl are mostly covered with vineyards. There is no crop this year. Kaiserstuhl stands out on a broad ^{the border,} plain. My work was only on the lower slopes, - the elevations rise much higher in the distance. I followed a narrow road, - cut deep into the loess, northward

up the slope from the north end of the village. This follows up into the notch in this part of the ridge, which is visible from below.

Sections 1 and 2 are low down on the slope, 6 or 8 feet high, and show a mixture of loessy stuff, pebbles, sand and lime nodules. I collected a few shells from both. The banks are probably in overwash at base of slope. It certainly is not loess. Sec. 2 is but little higher up.

From this on the road cuts a narrow gorge, scarcely 20 ft. wide, and 25 to 50 ft. deep. There are tributary paths leading down, and along these the natives nimbly come, helping themselves on the steep slopes with sharp-pointed alpen-sticks.

Section 3, ^(i.e. its base) is about 20 ft. above section 2. Here the cut becomes

deep, and the light-yellow upper loess shows well. This upper loess is lighter

yellow than that below. It is exposed in this section in about the upper 12 ft. (see sample.) Total about 40 ft.

Very high bank. I found no fossils in it. It looks much like the latest Missouri river loess.

Opposite cut 3 there is a high loess bluff in which I found no fossils,

but it shows a peculiar oblique rusty band:

yellow loess.

Loamy, reddish band, 4 ft.

yellow loess.

This is the highest loess bluff seen here.

Section 4 is the finest of the series. The road rises from the base of 3 to the base of 4, ^(at x) about 20 ft.

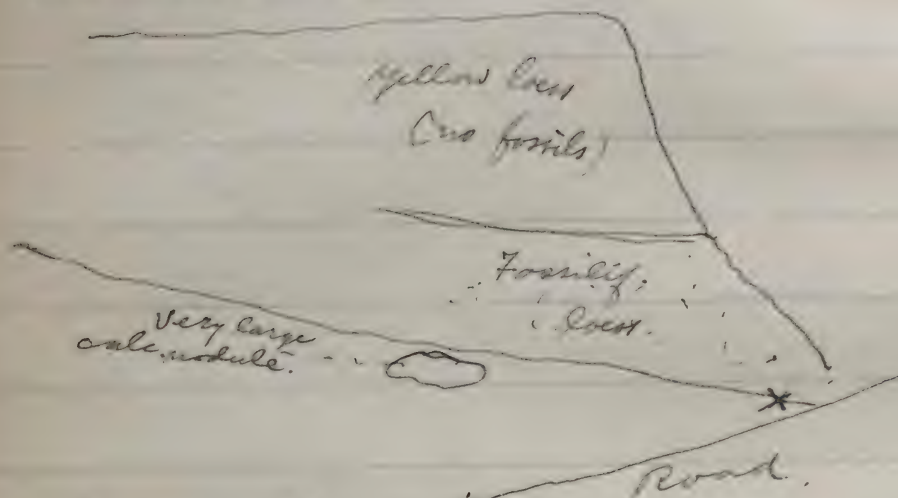
This section shows two loesses. The lower is darker yellow, with large nodules, some of them great blocks, - one 6½ ft. long and 5 ft. wide. (See photo)

Fossils are very numerous in this part. In many cases fossils are imbedded in the large nodules. The fossils are so abundant that they fairly whiten the lower bank. (See collection.)

The whole bluff here is all of 40 ft. high, and the fossiliferous lower loess makes ^{about} nearly half of this. In addition to the about 40 ft. of the vertical part, the talus measures about 6 feet vertically.

There is a rusty, clayey layer under the fossiliferous part, - as is shown at the side of the road. The fossiliferous

Loess, when broken, shows the usual lamination.



Many large nodules are washed out on the road below base of cut 4, and they give the road-surface a bouldery appearance.

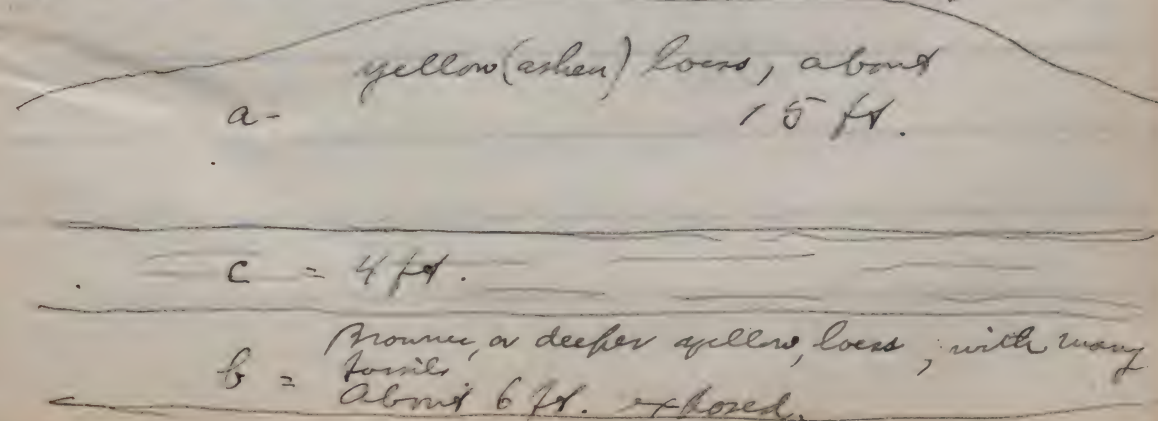
On the return I stopped at the Gasthaus zum Borne, and met the proprietor, who has been in New York twice (a total of 9 years.), and who still expects to go back. He has been here now 8 years, but he says his wife doesn't like it. He introduced me to his neighbors as his ^{landsmann!} countryman.

From all the conversations which I have heard I judge that the Germans fear

Russia, rather disregard France, and try to argue themselves into the belief that England has no cause to take part in a war against Germany. There are many soldiers in and about Freiburg, and according to common reports current among the people, many have been moved on towards the boundary (evidently towards Mühlhausen).

I left for Göttingen at 2:42 PM., which was reached in a few minutes. I went out on the road which leads up on the ridge,

and just beyond the last house in the village I found a nice bank of loess exposed on the right hand side. It runs down almost to the level of the road.



There seem to be no shells in a.

Stratification, with sand, etc., appears in c, and there are a few shells.

The upper part, a, is also like the Missouri river loess.

The darker loess in b contains many fossils (though not quite so many as at Wassenweiler in cut 7), and many large calcareous nodules, - especially in the upper part. There are a good many fossils imbedded in the nodules.

A good many of the shells seem to be broken, especially in c. An oxidized band sets off c from a. All of c is stratified, and contains lines and bands of sand.

The material of b in some places hardly shows ^{the} lamination of loess, but seems to be somewhat mucky, - almost like joint clay.

(See samples of clay, and nodules). (Also shells.)

I then followed the road for a short distance beyond cut 1. It soon runs

into the woods, and I picked up some land-shells on the wooded banks. The road is again deep and narrow.

The bank opposite Exposure 1 shows stratification & fine lamination, with lines of fine sand, etc.

I returned to Freiburg, and after making a few purchases of cards, ink, etc., I took supper.

After supper we went out on Kaiserstrasse and watched the crowds that filled the streets, waiting for the expected order from the Kaiser to mobilize. It did not come, and when the soldiers disappeared at 10 o'clock the crowds slowly dispersed.

The atmosphere was tense all evening, yet it appeared as if the ordinary people hoped that there would be no war.

We were told next morning that during the night 150,000 men had been sent from and through Freiburg to Mülhausen!

July 31, 1914 - Friday.

I went to Wassenweiler again at 7:24 AM., leaving Paul and Bertha asleep. I took my camera with me, carrying it in the suit-case, - the only time I attempted concealment.

I took photos 7, 8, 4, 23 and 24.

I stopped at the gasthaus for a lunch and then went back to Gottenheim.

I expected to leave at 10:23 A.M., and as it was nearly 10 when I reached Gottenheim, I hurried to exit 1 and took photos 29 and 30.

On my return I found that the 10:23 train runs on Sunday only, so I took a train to Breisbach, caught a fast train for Freiburg, and doubled back.

An Elsass, born under French rule, was on the train. He says the young men, especially those who served in the army, are German in sentiment, but the older ones would go back to France. He talked

rather as if he would be willing, but deplored the cost of such a move in food, etc.

We reached Freiburg at 11:15 AM. I packed, ate dinner, and we took the train for Basle at 12:53 PM.

We passed the Black Forest, - the mountains growing more rugged, - on the left. It is a fine scene, with mountains piling on mountains, and all dark with the forest covering.

On the right (west) a flat cultivated plain extends as far as I could see. I became very sick on the train, and lost much of the view. But it seemed to continue about the same to Basle. At Basle (France) we changed to the Schweiz Bahnhof by street car, and then went on to Berne.

The country now (in Switzerland) is rugged, mountainous, and heavily forested.

In the valley next villages nestle, and much fruit is grown.

We passed through 3 tunnels before making our first stop, - at Olten, - after crossing the Aare. The country looks much like the Black Forest region.

I met a Pole on the train who is an Austrian, - one of those ^{to be} forced out by the Swiss government. He comes from Przemyśl, in Galicia. He expects to be called any day. He left home (his people are wealthy manufacturers) because he wanted to marry a poor orphan girl. Now he will not marry. This is only one of the many tragedies which I have recently witnessed.

There is no nobility in Switzerland, but many millionaires. In Basel he said there are 103!

We reached Berne at 6 P. M., and put up at the Hotel de L'Etoile, or Hotel zu Sterne, 30 Aarberggasse, a short distance from the station.

The war situation is very uncertain, and there is much excitement here. The Swiss will also mobilize, - it is said about 450,000 men. This is especially hard on them because the last two years were not good for tourists or crops, and this season is broken up by the war excitement just when the good results were beginning, and also in the midst of harvest time.

The Swiss strike me as a brighter, more self-reliant people than I have seen for some time. It is said that they get along harmoniously, notwithstanding the fact that the population is composite, and there are three official languages: German, French and Italian.

I have seen a large number of very red-checked girls and women, and some men. It does not seem to be a normal condition. It has been suggested that wine-drinking may be the cause.

August 1, 1914 - Saturday.

In the morning I called on the American Ambassador, no. 6 Hirschengraben, and he advised that Paul get a pass-port.

I then went to the Botanical Garden and Institute, and found that Dr. Fischer had gone for his vacation the day before, but Dr. Ritz, his assistant, showed me about. He informed me that he was called out for military service, and that he could give me only a short time. He was very genial, and gave me a good view of the department.

They have about 150 students in the department. Of these 7 are candidates for the Ph.D., among them 3 ladies. There are usually 20-40 ladies in all.

On the second floor: - Here are located the library and reading room, - fair.

A good working herbarium, - chiefly fungi, - not intended for display. The work of

the department centers in the experimental work with parasitic fungi.

There are three special laboratories, rather small, - with large flat tables.

A laboratory for cultures, - with bath, etc. The microtome work is also done in this room.

In the hallway are lockers for students wraps and belongings.

A rather small dark room, - ^{experimental} etc. The greater part of this building is 2 years old. On the first (ground) floor:

A museum of demonstration material, fruits, alcoholic materials, etc. This is especially rich in alcoholic fungi. There are large dry algae, etc.

The Director's office and small modest private laboratory are on this floor.

A large lecture room with wooden benches and frames for charts.

A laboratory for advanced students. Another, larger, for beginners.

The living room of the gardener, etc.

I then took photos. 23, 24, 57, 6, in the garden.

In the garden there are several plant houses. Next to the tall palm house is a storage house with large windows, - brick walls.

There are 4 smaller houses, partly sunken, with brick walls on the side 4 ft. high, and gables rising to about 9 ft. above the ground.

These houses are ^{each} about 21 x 14 feet.

They have slat blinds working with rod & pulleys, - a common plan. One of these is devoted to cacti, etc., - a dry house, - another more moist, - and another tropical.

Outside there are special cactus and Agave beds, palm groups, etc.

The garden is neat and well-kept, but not extravagant. There are many trees.

It is located in the angle formed by the river Aare and the railway, - partly on a steep bank, close to which the buildings are located, (in fact on a

slope of bank above flatter part), and partly on a lower flat which is still 50 feet or more above the Aare which rushes past at the very base of a steep bank or low bluff. On this flat is located a larger city pond with various aquatics (mostly not lilies.) A small city pond is located near the Institute.

The garden is an irregular tract covering several places. It suggests the possibilities of the Walch tract below the President's house!

The swift waters of the Aare here (and elsewhere where we have seen it) are of a peculiar pale-blue (skimmed milk) color. (Due to air??). Returned to hotel.

We took dinner together, and after dinner we went to the depot to meet Dr. & Mrs. Jackson (and 3 yr. old daughter) of St. Louis. Dr. Jackson has a passport, but we went to the American Consulate to get the necessary

order for passport to be issued by the Embassy. Many Americans were waiting for passports. The consul is an old gentleman who was very courteous to everyone (fodded away too much time with it) but slow, - dreadfully slow. He slowly and deliberately filled out the blanks on a typewriter and made no progress. We finally gave it up to take a train for Thun. The next day is Sunday, and he already has a lot of left-overs for Monday, so we concluded to give it up for the present.

We have just heard of an order prohibiting the taking of automobiles, horses and mules across the border (i.e. out of the country) on account of the mobilizations. Some

Americans are caught with autos. One naturalized Swiss American from Nebraska is among them, - and he has no passport!

Mobilization has been ordered, and there is much excitement. Crowds are surging,

soldiers appear everywhere, and horses and equipment crowd special trains. Added to this, banks are shaky, food has been bought up and stored, - in many cases the stores exhausted their supplies and long lines of customers, extending into the street, waited for a renewal of supplies. There is a promised rise in prices, especially on living. All trains are delayed.

We finally left after 5 PM. on a train due to leave at 4:30, and reached Thun in about half an hour.

We caught fine views of the Bernese Alps from Berne on.

We put up at the Schlosshotel Freienhof, which stands on the banks of one arm of the Aare in that part of Thun on the island.

We walked out along the Aare towards the mountains, and I took photos 27 & 28.

At the hotel all male help was called into military service and even the chef had to go.

August 2, 1914 - Sunday.

We are at Ihum. The male help is all gone excepting one young German who expects to go home. The manager has had to do the cooking himself. He declares that he will keep us as long as he is permitted to do so, that he will not increase prices, but that he cannot guarantee the continued quality of meals. He says we must eat what he does. He also cashed Dr. Jackson's Travellers Check. He certainly acted on the square.

The sky is overcast and the day somewhat threatening. We started out at about 9:30 a.m. towards the mountains. We walked past Rautigen to Wimmis.

Before reaching Rautigen I took photo 27.

Before coming to the point where I took this photo we followed the road which here leads along the deep channel of a rushing mountain stream. The view of the

snow-covered Alps through a cleft in the mountains was here beautiful. Indeed we have had many views and glimpses of the great chain of ice-covered mountains in the direction of Jungfrau.

We found cherries along the road almost everywhere, - planted trees. (2)

We passed the base of the mountain, which is at the end of the chain in which the Stockhorn is located. Here I collected landshells on moist ledges, and also in a more open space among leaves and sticks. (See the two sets.)

Near Wimmis we took the longer road around by way of the bridge at the dam, and after crossing I collected land shells on the rocky bank along the road leading to Wimmis, at the base of the forest-covered (spruce) lower mountain between the above mountain 2, and Mt. Niesen.

The view up stream from the dam is very

five, the valley here being narrowed to a deep canon with very abrupt slopes.

The mountain marked Z is rather barren, very rocky, with precipitous sides, with dead or scrubby trees scattered over it, and it is said to be inaccessible.

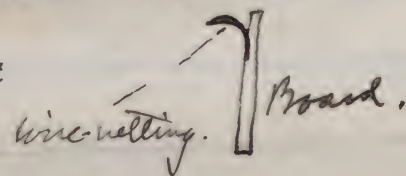
The small mountain is heavily timbered, mostly with spruce.

The Stockhorn is very abrupt in front, but slopes back.

Dr. & Mrs. Jackson of St. Louis, a somewhat incompatible pair, and their little girl not yet 3 years old, took the long tramp with us. Mrs. Jackson concluded to remain at Wimmis with the child while we went up Mt. Niesen.

I stopped to gather shells, and also ^{to} photograph the snailery not far from the bridge (see photo 28.). The snailery is in a somewhat shaded place, rather low, at base of the mountain, and is boarded

in with boards over a foot high, and provided with wire-netting shield all around to prevent the escape of the snails, thus:



The snail pen is irregular, probably 15 ft. wide and more than 3 times as long. Boxes and boards are scattered about for shelter, and even low shed-like shelters are provided. Here thousands of large ^{are kept,} for the French market.

They are fed vegetables, etc. (grass). The woman deploras the fact that the war will cut off the French market.

I stopped at the station, and then followed Bertha, Paul and Dr. Jackson, who had started for Mt. Niesen. I caught them only a short distance above the base, along the meadows which here reach up the steep slopes for some distance.

For a considerable distance we took the short cut up steep slopes, and had a taste of real ^{mountain} climbing. We finally reached the regular trail nearly half way up, and then followed this well up to smaller openings, about two-thirds of the way up. From every open place we had a fine view of Lake Thun, and the valley of the Aare beyond, together with the mountains in the direction of the Stockhorn, and of the great valley ^{at base of Muesen,} which is followed by the R.R.

The open places on the mountain are grassy and are the great pastures. There are small houses on these slopes, some of them occupied now so far as I could see. In several places water is piped from greater heights to these places (pastures) for stock.

The timber in some places is heavy,

and consists of black spruce. In some parts (especially upward) the spruce forest is very dense, and the lower branches are largely dead, - self-pruning.

We left our high-point ~~at~~ 6 o'clock P.M., and reached the base in Thun. We followed the trail.

We had a good many cherries (nearly black) at the base of the mountain.

We left Wimmis at 8:35 P.M., and had to change at Spitz. The conductor made no suggestion that we would have to change, and it was only after our train was emptied at Spitz that we learned that a change is necessary.

On our return to Thun we found that the English people whom we had seen in the morning, had been refused R.R. tickets to France, and they remained at the hotel. The excitement increases.

August 3, 1914 - Monday.

In the morning I noticed that Elodea and Chara are abundant in the lake, here swift, in front of the hotel. The day is beautiful and clear.

We started for Scherzliken afoot, - the point nearer the outlet of the lake where boats land. I took photo 1 from the depot at Scherzliken. We took the boat at 8⁴⁷ am.

At the second stop I took photo 7 from the boat. There is a cloud-cap on Mt. Niesen.

Our steamer is the "Beatus".

We reached Interlaken and at once purchased tickets (round-trip) for the Jungfrau trip (to Scheidegg 15 Fr., and to Eigergletscher 3 Fr.), - but we found that no one would cash check or exchange German or Austrian money (excepting gold), and it was reported that today we could still get through to Munich. We therefore returned the Jungfrau tickets,

and hurriedly took the train for Berne and Zurich. The Jacksons just missed the train. At the last moment Bertha was taking care of the little girl while her mother went to find the doctor, and she barely returned in time to take her. The train was moving! It was an exciting moment!

At Berne, and in fact all along the line, soldiers swarmed everywhere, and every bridge and railway station was under guard, for the whole army had been called out to protect the border. We found the station at Berne crowded, and guarded by soldiers. When I passed out to the toilet and tried to return I was stopped by the guard, and only when I showed my passport and explained that Paul had our tickets, ^{passports} was I permitted to go on. The trains are crowded with soldiers, and other

mixed trains with horses, men and equipment, and everywhere there's bustle and excitement. We finally left for Zürich at about 3 P.M., - much belated. We passed through a region of rather low rounded mountains, - forest-covered, and reached Zürich about 6 P.M. Here also we found the station guarded and crowded, and everything was in the hands of the military. We left Bertha at the station, and immediately hunted up the Consul-General, who luckily was still at his office. The Consul-General is David F. Wilber, a big, jolly good-natured ^{typical} American politician. He was unable to give us definite information, but he called up the Austrian Consul, von Jaeger, and asked if my pass would carry me through to Prague. He reported that it would, and arranged to have me call at the office at 9 the next morning.

(our Consul)

He is evidently on chummy terms with Consul von Jaeger. On matters in general he had no information, and insisted on referring us to the Cook agency.

It rained, - and we left the consulate in a shower. We started out to look

for a hotel, and fell upon the Limmathof, - a modest hotel ~~near~~ the banks of the Limmathof river, nearly.

Think of it! We started out on the "Beatas" in the morning, and landed in the "Limmat" hotel in the evening! (This should be labelled as Bertha's joke!)

We then returned to the station, where a great thrang was gathered, and found that the Jacksonts had come in. They also went to our hotel.

It rained again in the evening.

The war excitement continues, and "extras" are being hawked about at 10 centimes, often a sheet with only one little item of news - and that unreliable.

August 4, 1914 - Tuesday.

A rainy morning. I walked to the Hamburg-Am. office, but found no one there but the "sweep". I then walked to no. 22 Dufour str., the Austrian Consulate. I found a big crowd in the streets waiting for entrance. My card from Mr. Wilber gained prompt entrance for me. In the anteroom I found a Moravian (prospective recruit) who had had his leg badly injured by the street-car. No surgeon could be secured, as all had gone with the army, so a policeman¹ washed and bandaged the wound, and they took him to the hospital, where some nurses remained. I met Mr. von Jaeger, explained the purpose of my visit to Prague, and he O.K'd my passport. I then bought a ticket to Linz, via Innsbruck, after showing my pass. I paid 29.¹⁰ Kr. for a 3rd-class ticket, and had 15 centimes left. Hence I could get

nothing more to eat until I crossed the Austrian boundary. I had German and Austrian money, but it was difficult to exchange this.

I again visited the Hamburg-Am. office on Bahnhofstrasse, but they had no information.

An English-speaking elderly gentleman, evidently American, just came in from Budapest, via Vienna, and he said there was more excitement here than he had seen anywhere along the line.

I returned to the hotel and found Bertha and Paul. They cannot cross to Germany or France, and exchange on German money is about 30%. They will get a passport, and as this must come from the Embassy at Berne, it will require at least two days. Hence they will remain. Paul will try to dispose of his German money to those who are going home to Germany, and there seem to be many such.

I finally left at 12³⁰ PM. There is a large crowd, mostly Austrians going back to enlist. It seems that the Swiss government forced all ^{able-bodied} Germans and Austrians out, thus compelling them to enlist in their respective armies, a move interpreted to mean a desire to help Germany. I heard German, Bohemian and Polish spoken in the crowd.

I have not in a long time regretted anything as much as I do the necessity of leaving Bertha and Paul. Of course they are self-reliant, and will not get lost, but I don't like it anyway. The day is gloomy, and so am I. War is hell!,- even in its preliminary features.

The notices in the Swiss cars are posted in three languages, - the 3 official languages.

We ran along Lake a long distance. It is on our left as we go. It extends to the first station before Reichenburg is reached.

At Reichenburg there are low mountains. Just beyond it there appear, in the distance, mountains with quite a number of smaller glaciers. These mountains are high, and masses of clouds appeared far below their summits. The mountain just opposite the next station, looks about as high as Niesen, and has a similar covering, but the slopes are steeper, and no meadows appear at first on the near side. These appear farther on. It is nearly

As the stations the signal to start is given by turning a crank which brings about the ringing of 3 taps. This is repeated once. The next station is Ziegelbrücke. The high mountains are still beyond this. The country is becoming very picturesque, and the mountains are very rugged.

The next station, located in a narrow valley, is Weesen. Up to this point we have passed through 4 tunnels, and we

have been following a narrow lake in a narrow valley.

At Mühlehorn the great snowy peak showed in the cleft of the mountains.

We passed through two more tunnels before we reached Murg.

Some of the travellers are Italians, and most of them carry small wooden trunks, or boxes.

At Sargans very high mountains appear, with glaciers.

At Mengen we passed through a tunnel 15 minutes long, and at Peltan there are many small glaciers on high mountains. The region and about Landeck is very rugged and picturesque, and patches of snow appear all over the higher mountains.

Fine "fans" of gravel and boulders appear at the mouths of steep canyons beyond Landeck.

All along these mountains the trees are mostly scrubby and scant. There are many

precipitous cliffs, and the slopes, mostly very steep, are rocky.

It is a wild, picturesque region, much more nearly in a natural state than any part of Switzerland. It is said that there are chamois in these mountains.

At Wipfel we saw a freight train containing about 30 Serbs and 60 or 90 Russians, — (the crowd reported many more, but the guard said there are 28 Serbians!) — men not captured in war, but picked up.

The cars of a transport train were marked up on the outside with chalk, — caricatures, etc., appearing. One showed King Peter (of Serbia) hung on gallows.

Shortly before this we had a narrow escape from a collision with a fast express at a crossing. It is said the trains stopped only about a meter apart!

There is some enthusiasm for war and

much hatred of Serbians in this part of Austria. Some of our German recruits on the train call out: "Serben, du mußt sterben", as we pass the stations.

In many cases groups of children greet the train with cheers, and at the stops women furnish lemonade, bread and cheese, etc. to the recruits on our train.

There are several Bohemians in my car.

They have been in Switzerland for years, - are settled there permanently, - but they failed to purchase Swiss citizenship (it costs 800 Fr.), - and the recent order of the Swiss government forced them out to join the Austrian army.

One man had married a Swiss woman, had two children, and is a tailor. He is now forced out. Another had just married a Bohemian girl, of Swiss birth, and had purchased a flower store for 1500 Fr. This is all gone.

One of their Bohemian companions had taken

* These are reversed, - the tailor was just married.

a boat that morning, rowed out on Lake Zürich and shot himself.

There has been much delay all along the line. The train is crowded, - largely with recruits, and it is hard to get food and drink. I managed to get a drink of lemonade through the good offices of one of the Bohemian recruits. When I offered to pay for it he said that it was given to them.

At Buch we had got out for the customs inspection. With the great crowd this was of necessity very hasty. My box of loose shells attracted the attention of my inspector, but he was soon satisfied. They did not use the usual stickers, but marked the inspected baggage with chalk.

I was surprised to find that no one called for my passport, even on the boundary, and that my camera gave me no trouble. I carried the lenses in my field-glass case, & the plate-holders were empty. We reached Bischofschöfen at about 2 P.M., and had to wait until 4.30 A.M. for another train.

August 5, 1914, Wednesday.

I took a cup of coffee at the R.R. restaurant, with one of the Bohemian ^(Moravian) recruits, and we started for Salzburg at 4⁰⁰ AM. No sleep. Most of the recruits had gone on directly to Vienna. We were not required to change at Salzburg, and went on to Ling. Here at the station (outside) I saw a "Sprucknapf", - a cuspidor with this label!

After some delay we moved on to Budějovice. The conductor sold me a ticket on train, but said he could sell only to Nymburk, not to Prague.

At Föcklamarkt there are no more mountains, the country is rolling.

We learn that we must go to Prague by way of Budějovice, Veseli, Jihlava and Nymburk, - and that we may not be able to get further than Nymburk, - a pleasant prospect of a 50 km. trip overland!

Throughout the trip, and especially that part of it in Bohemia, I was surprised at the good nature and helpfulness of R.R. officials, - usually so overbearing.

Even where people were without tickets or could not pay they were permitted to ride. The officials remained very good-natured. The passengers suffered much discomfort. They were crowded, without sleep, mostly hungry, and excited and disturbed.

At each change there was a rush for places, - worst at Jihlava where we met the Vienna crowd. I had a ticket for a slow train to Nymburk, but I took the fast train and rode to Prague, and was not called upon to pay the difference. My case was only one similar to many.

On the train rode a young Bohemian Jew! who had been in France and was one of those ordered out. A party of 23 was forced to walk 60 km.

They hired an Italian with a cart (which they dragged) and paid him 10 Kr. apiece to take them to the Swiss boundary. He left them 38 km. from the boundary, and they had to hire another. Women and children were in the party, and suffered greatly. When we changed at Budejovice I met with three young Bohemian ladies who were in this party. They were from Prague, and had planned a pleasure trip into France, Switzerland and Italy, with this result.

This young Jew was very helpful to women and elderly persons. He is evidently well-to-do.

From Jihlava to Prague I travelled with a young Jesuit priest who was coming to Prague from Lower Austria. He had taken his doctor's degree at the university this year. I had an interesting conversation with him concerning

a variety of subjects. He seemed to be quite liberal in his views, and seemed to know that I had been writing for Bohemian papers at home! He remarked that he feared that we had not always had their best representatives come to America.

He told me that one of his brethren had just come from the western part of Switzerland, and that he reported the French cantons in a condition of revolution because they objected to the government policy of blocking the French and thus helping the Germans.

We reached Prague after a trying journey at about 10 PM. A large crowd had remained at Jihlava waiting for the slower "personen-zug", which was to leave later. A great crowd was gathered at the *Stations nádraží*, and there were no street cars!

I took supper at a lunch room *Václavské náměstí*, and then walked to my room with my heavy baggage. My land-lady came to door, - they had been much disturbed as to my whereabouts.

August 6, 1914 - Thursday.

I slept well, - until 8 am.

I then went to the University and found a good lot of mail from home, - from Mumukshu and Bob. Good!

I then visited with Drs. Domin and Kavina. The Dominos had also been forced to hurry home from Tyrol some days earlier.

I took dinner at home, and in the afternoon I wrote, and then visited the Am. Consulate. I found Mr. Bonchial in charge, and overwhelmed with work. Offered my services.

I found that there is no immediate prospect of getting away, - probably 3 weeks.

I called at the Hamburg-American office, and they informed me that they would have no further advises until August 10th.

I returned to the Botanical Dept after 6, saw the Dominos and Savess for a few minutes, and then went home. It rained in the evening.

August 7, 1914, Friday.

I have found Prague the most quiet and best-disposed place that I have seen for some time. I am glad that I was able to get back here.

I arranged my negatives and wrote until 10 AM. I then went to the "Zlatá Husa" and found a number of Bohemian Americans there, - Mr. Hajicek and family of Chicago, and others.

I went to the bank, exchanged my German money for Austrian (they would not take the nickel & copper pieces, and drew 200 K. This is the limit beyond which they will not pay out deposits, 200 K every two weeks!

I took dinner at the Věštanská Pivna, - almost desolate, - and worked at my room until evening, when I took a walk up town.

News were received that Austria had declared war against Russia and Montenegro against Austria. War is the one subject of interest.

August 8, 1914, Saturday.

The day is rainy and gloomy. I wrote in my room nearly all day.

Later in the afternoon I went to the University and numbered my exposed plates. I took supper at the Temperance restaurant and went back to writing.

At a public meeting the mayor of the city, Dr. K. Gros, "provdal bu bonci své rúci slávu Císari Vilemovi."

The rector of the Technical School organized a movement among students to help in these trying war times.

I had an interesting conversation with Dr. Pehlo. He is not a "nationalist," and seems to be far from a panslavist. He seems to be in doubt as to the qualities of Serbians, and doesn't like the Russians any too well.

The comments which one hears on the side throw a lot of light on the real sentiments of the people. During these days as I write in my room, ordinarily so quiet, I hear the clatter of hoofs, the measured tread of soldiers, and the rumble of wheels on the pavement below.

The paper reports that a retired railway employee (employee?) offered his services because so many men were called to army, and his offer was returned because it was a request for a petition, and did not have the necessary stamp!!!

August 9, 1914, Sunday.

I spent nearly all day writing up my belated notes and arranging my materials, - going without dinner.

I took supper at the Temperance restaurant and then returned to work. A beautiful day. This day was uneventful, but I did a lot of work.

Conditions in Prague have been strained for some time. At times there has been a shortage of food-

supplies, and salt especially was absent, - a matter of importance especially to the "uzenári" whose stock was spoiling, for they do not use ice to any extent.

It is also hard to get change. People have been hoarding silver, and in many places notices are posted (especially at the banks) that change is not given. When I drew my 200⁰⁰ the best I could do was to get four 50's.

People bring on much of this trouble in the fear that paper money will depreciate.

August 10, 1914, Monday.

I wrote until 10 am. I then went to the consulate but found no news. Mr. Pouchal is just now rushed with Russian business; for he has taken over the protection of Russian subjects, and at least 30 have been arrested here, and about 15, suitable for service in their army, have been imprisoned.

The Hamburg-American Co. has just received a telegram that navigation is closed entirely. I then went back and looked plates.

At about 3:30 PM. I started for Prof. Keme's home 1137 "na Václavce, Smíchov, who had invited me to his home for tea.

On account of the much reduced street-car service I was nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour getting over, and then had to walk from the foot of the hill.

Prof. Keme related that at first there was great fear in official circles that there would be an uprising. Troops were

all moved at night, and he says that when they were returning home late at night they saw cannon moved, the wheels of which were tied up with rags, - covered to deaden the sound.

Mrs. Keme's brother, an officer in reserve, has just returned from Italy. He seems to have little respect for Italian soldiers, and he testified to the hatred which Italians entertain towards Austria. There were threats of a revolution if the government of Italy would decide to help Germany and Austria.

After seven o'clock in the evening I returned to my room, walking back in much less time than it took me to "ride" out, and spent the evening in writing letters. I had made inquiries at the post office during the day and was informed that letters would probably go through. I wrote to the folks, and Pres. Macbride, giving directions for my work, if I should be delayed.

August 11, 1914 - Tuesday.

I walked about the city and took photos. 29, 30, 23, 3, 4, 5, 1, 2, 7, 8, 28 and 27, in the order named.

I then walked to the consulate, found that the "Zimostenská banka" would honor Knauth, Hachos & Co's checks, and met Mr. Čejka, who has been here a year. He is working at his trade. His health is better, but Mrs. Č. has had a bad time of it, being mentally unbalanced for a time. She is now better, but very melancholy and wants to go back to her children. Otakar is here, attending school, and learning German, Bohemian, etc., especially Bohemian.

In the afternoon I loaded plates, and then went to Mr. Starý from whom I had ordered 18 boxes of ^{dry} plates at much reduced prices (chromo-iron at 2.22, chromo at 2.66 and "obyčejné" at 2.24.) but I found

that he had hung up the order, fearing that I would not return. He later informed me that he could not get them through now.

I visited with Dr. Domin and gained from him an insight into the real sentiments of the people.

In the evening we went to the Národní Dům, on Vinohradské, where the remnant of the old "viteršín" met.

Dr. Mikolaj is still here, Dr. & Mrs. Domin, Dr. & Mrs. Damer, and a few others.

From them I also learned much of the situation. People here are free to express themselves in strong terms privately, - they don't want the war, - but in public they are very circumspect. Even our company was cautious, though its conversation was innocent enough, because the informer is abroad in the land, - especially the Jew who is now displaying his real nature

in a pretended loyalty. Thus, Dr. Ponicek's case is interesting. He was watching recruits on the Václavská square, and remarked: "Chudáci". A few at once pounced upon him, and finally brought about his arrest for "disloyalty". After some trouble he was released. He was Svihla's attorney in the famous trial.

Our company a number of times expressed fear that someone might indulge in similar tactics here, and distort innocent remarks into "treason".

It is said that a man was arrested for springing the widely spread "joke" about the soldiers unblackened boots (they wear russet or yellowish leather) and getting "viks" in Serbia. I used the expression "viks" in another connection and was warned to be careful about its use.

There is no question that most people here are bitter against war, but they maintain

a great reserve, and are wondering what will come of it, — and especially what the outcome will be so far as this unhappy country is concerned. If only the governing powers had a little sense and knowledge of human nature they could make of these Bohemians the most loyal Austrians in the empire, for there is much distrust of the Russians, and some hatred of Serbians, — and they could do this by simply being just.

There has been much fraud (according to common report) in the war-store departments, and officers and supply-houses (in the cases named the latter have a remarkable Semitic aspect) are accused of stealing supplies, or taking advantage of the situation ^{to "squeeze" to civilians}. Where small tradesmen, etc., have done the latter they have been punished.

On the way to Ústřední Dům we met Miss Byzobohatá and her old parents. Her two brothers and her prospective husband have all been called. We stopped at Grafo for ice-cream, — here the presence of a few and an incautious remark caused some fear of trouble.

August 12, 1914 Wednesday

In the morning Mr. Čejka called for me and we went to his house, in a roundabout way around Vyšehrad to Pankrác. I found Mrs. Čejka very excitable, and when I came in she rushed to me and cried, saying she wanted to go home. Otokar is making fine progress in his work in school, - and now in swimming!

We had dinner, and after dinner, with Mr. Olmer, who was the vicar of St. John in St. Louis, and is now the janitor of the Pankrác school, we walked about and took photos.

Mr. is very familiar with the history of the region, and I found him well-informed, interesting and helpful. Pankrác is located on an elevated flat which slopes of very gradually to Vyšehrad. A large part of it (the flat) is now under cultivation,

and seems to belong to or be rented by a man with a remarkably Semitic name.

We first went to the small lake or pond which is fed by springs, and from which water was piped to Vyšehrad in the 15th century. Remnants of the wooden pipes have been found.

The large spring at the south or southeast side is walled in, being about 15 x 8 feet, and is known as "Libušina lázeň". She certainly had a cold one!

On this wall (on the inner face of the S. side, there is an inscription which reads (as far as we could make it out)

Anno 1666 Obnoven
Nakladem
Škole

V době kdy Husité oblehali Vyšehrad
(1424) byla voda vedena z tohoto pramene
(canal jevíška) do Vyšehradu. Vyšehrad
padl 1^{ho} listopadu, 1424, a byl pražskou lúzon

(úplně nuzí hoří a děvčata, od 10 do 14 let věku, se v tomto jezírku společně koupali, a nečinili toho nejmenšího pokusu se zakrýti.) (Pan školník to omlouval že "to jsou jen děti.")
úplně spustosen.

Okolo tohoto jezírka byl památný, posvátný háj Libušin.

V okolí, na jižních váleích okolo Vyšehradu, atd., zde se býti mnoho pramenů.

Severovýchodně od planiny na níž byl tento háj jest kopec Bohdalec, a na jižních jeho částech nalezeny byly popelnice, atd., z bronzové doby.

Vzal jsem zde fotografie 3, 4, 23, 24, 7, 27, 5, - a dále nad Podolím 6 a 28.

Celá tato hvězdičková planina se zdá býti irovnou, navzdor tomu že kůda je velmi štěrbovitá. Větší část ovládá jeden hospodář, který užívá strojů, a tudíž nepotřebuje tolik koní. Nyní je část ječmene již přezralá, uhlí není dost lidu, a všude pracují ženy a děti, a starci. U pohodnice (rasovny) která

je již moderně zarižena, je pole ječmenné na němž pracují dva trestanci pod dozorem ozbrojené stráže.

Šli jsem na břehy nad Podolím, a našli jsme vrchní část rozrytou kde vybrána byla hlína (veliké množství) na cihly. Bylo pry to pachtování, a pak takto strašlivě zjiženo v 12^{ti} letech! Nyní to nestojí za nic.

Na okraji, nad břehy a skalami, jsou domy staré vápenky kde se primitivním způsobem pálilo vápno.

Každá pozůstatí z dvou dolůku ohledně, jeden z nich, v němž se pálilo, je větší, a druhý, z něhož se přikládalo, menší. Mezi nimi byla ižka hráz, též proraženi aby se mohlo přikládat pod vápence který se nahromadil do větší doliny.

Menší, - na přikládání.

Větší - pec.

Návratili jsme se směr k Paukráckému kostelíku, přes Paukrácké údolí. Vzal jsem fotografii 8. Před tímto kostelem

byla vedena hlavní bitva r. 1424,
a zde padli Sigmundovi Moravané.
Videli bylo (a dosud je do jisté míry)
močalovité, a to mělo vliv na výsledek.
Moravané byli pohřbeni na místě, u
hostela, a zde byl později obecen, farma
Arbitor. Kostel je velmi starý, ale byl
obnoven r. 1910. Jsou zde dosud staré
desky. Na jedné z nich jsou v reliéfu
parohy jelení a jetelový trojlístek. Kapi
vyrýty hol do kola nelze lehce číst.

(The gateway for lumber-rafts in the dams
is known as "vorová propust".)

I came home at about 6 P.M. We noticed
striking absence of men on the streets at this time.

I took supper at Zlatá Husa, with
the Hajíček, Mr. ^{Fert.} Urbánek, etc.

We received news that Montenegro had
declared war against Germany.

I left at about 10 P.M., returned to
my room, after a little walk, and wrote
until 1 o'clock A.M.

August 13, 1914 - Thursday.

I loaded plates, then walked towards
the boat-landing, intending to go to
Barrauder's well, but gave it up as it
was quite hazy. I returned to my room
and wrote until noon. Took dinner at the room.
I then took a car for Olšany, and
spent the afternoon in the cemetery.

I took photographs and notes as follows:

Photo 1 Václav Kliment Klicpera.

Bas-relief (pod tím)

Václav Kliment
Klicpera
Dramatický básník.

(Dole)

Narozen v Chlumci
dne 23 listopadu 1792

zemřel v Praze
dne 15 září, 1859
od ctitelů české
dramatické masy.
r. 1860.

Na západní straně:

S otcem svým tu dřímal večerní sen
Ivan Klicpera
český spisovatel
zemřel dne 17 února 1881
v 55 roce věku svého.

Photo 7. - Karel Sabina.

Hrob jest č. 187, oddělení VI. Uení
zde známky na hrobě že zde Sabina
odpočívá. Na hřbitovním úřadě u nás
sdělili že zde skutečně je pohřben.
Byl první, - r. 1877. Po něm přišla
jeho manželka, a pak 3 členové
rodiny Khelerových.

U hlavy stojí kříž s tabulkou:

zde odpočívají v Pánu
naši milovaní nezapomenutelní rodiče
Anna Khelerová

zemř. 19²²/₁₂ 02 v stáří 51 roku

Karel Kheler

zemř. 19³/₅ 11 v stáří 65 roku.

Spěte sladce.

O Sabinovi však ani zmiňka, - jakoby
zde činný pokus uvést jej v úplné
zapomenutí! Smutná ipominka!

Photo. 8 - Jos. Maixner (see older notes.)

Photo 3 - Na malém (poměrně) pomníku

je kříž. Na pomníku:

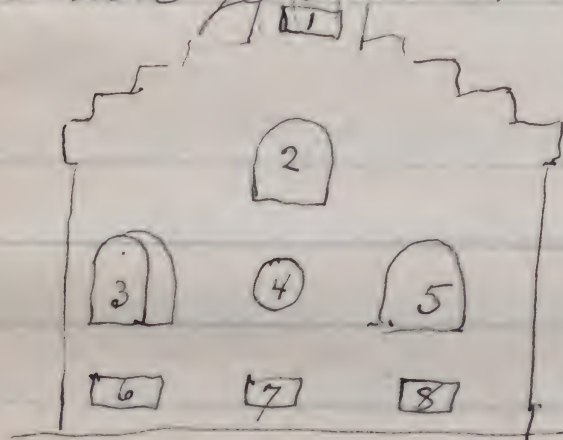
Milada Jiří
nar. 18⁴/₁₁ 77 + 18⁶/₁₂ 79. nar. 18²⁴/₃ 76. + 18³/₁ 80.

Karel Maixner
akademický malíř.

nar. 18⁴/₁₁ 80 + 18³/₁ 81.

Photo. 23 - Fugner & Lys (again.)Photo 4 - Anna Náprstková.

Vysoký a široký pomník, - nebylo lze celý fotograf.
Nahoře je anděl. Kruhý nárys:



Na tabulce 1:

Anna Náprstková

nar 24 dubna 1788

skonsala 19 října 1873

Na tabulce 2:

Jan Novák

Rosalie Novák

Antonín Novák

Jindřiška Nováková

} atd.

Na tabulce 3 stojí:

Antonín Náprstek

Ludmila Náprstková

Ferda Pravoslav Náprstek.

Jan Serafín.

Barbora Serafinová.

Na tabulce 4 - Obraz Anny Náprstkové.

Na tabulce 5:-

Jan Novák

Jindřiška Novák

Anna Nováková

Jan. Novák

Na tabulce 6:

Jiří Kraemer

Vychovatel Náprstků.

Narozen v roce 1800.

zemřel 14 února 1873.

Na tabulce 7:

Anna Holubová
matka cestovatele

Dr. E. Holuba

+ 8 července 1888 ve věku 78 let.

Na tabulce 8:

Eliška Králová + 18¹⁵/₄ 83 v Praze.

nar. 18¹⁹/₉ 51 Chilton Wis. (Amerika)

Budiž Ti zde spánek sladký

Přáteli za Tebe bdi.

The monument is of cement^(?)

On the large stone slab covering
the grave, just in front of monument,
is this inscription:

Anděl Páně

doprovází Vás!

Photo 24 - Fr. L. Čelakovský.

Cement monument. On E. side:

František Ladislav

Čelakovský

Narodil se dne 7 března 1799

zemřel dne 5 srpna 1852

Jen svorný duch!

I velikost' dá ke množství Bůh!

(On top a ring (larn) is held by 3 hands.

Photo 2 - Karolina Světlá (again)

Photo 29 - Karel Sladkovský (again) - fine
lights.

Photo 27 - Jaroslav Čermák.

A cement monument, with catafalque above.

Na východní straně:

Milovanému bratru
a slavnému mistru

Jaroslavu Čermákovi

nar. 1. září 1831 v Praze, zemř. 23 dubna 1878 v Paříži.

Tělesné ostatky jeho přeměny z Paříže péčí rodiny.

Slavný pohřeb uspořádala v Praze 7. července 1878

Umělecká Benda.

Ostatní nápisy jsou německé a na
jiné "Čermák".

Photo 28 - Dr. Anton Gindely.

A small white-marble monument
stands at the head. It is topped with a
cross and bears this inscription:

Unseren

geliebten

Kindern

An open book of white marble lies at the
head of the grave. On left page:

Dr. Anton

Gindely

geb. 3. Sept.

1829

gest. 24. Oct

1892

On right page:

Anton
geb. $\frac{31}{3}$ 1863

Hanni
geb. $\frac{10}{4}$ 1864 + $\frac{26}{4}$ 1868.

Willi
geb. $\frac{14}{10}$ 1865 + $\frac{23}{4}$ 1868.

Mary
(covered & base with earth).

I met an old, old lady, the widow of
postman Sokol. She was looking
for the grave of some friends and
failed to find them. I tried
to help her, and also failed.

Her husband, a teacher, is buried in
the Protestant, or Public, Cemetery.

I walked over to the Protestant
section of the cemetery.

Photo 5 - Augustin Smetana.

A small green monument with a cross.

zde odpočívá

Augustin
Smetana

profesor filosofie

a vyobcovaný kněz

rytínského řádu křižovníka

naroděn 11 června 1814

zemřel 30 ledna 1851

Na bílé desce n hlavy:

Augustin
Smetana

nar. 14 června 1814.

zemř. 30 ledna 1851

"Stál jsem pevně,
vždyť jsem stál v
přesvědčení svém."

Looking E.

Photo 30 - Pavel Josef Šafářik.

Červený kámen (nebo mramr?) a bílá deska
s jménem na západní straně.

Na straně severní je deska s:

M D C C X C V

M D C C C L X I

Na straně východní je v desce ruský nápis
a na straně jižní zlatý věnec.

Photo 6 (looking N.) Jan Kollár.

A white limestone monument. It looks
like Fusulina rock.

Above is a bas-relief of head, in bronze.

On scroll below this:

Slávy
dara

(Jan Kollár)

(over)

Jan Kollar

c. k. profesor starovědy slovanské
na universitě Vídeňské, před tím
kazař evang. církve slov. v Pešti.
nar. v Mošovicích dne 29. července 1793
zemřel ve Vídni dne 21. ledna 1852.

Jsem živ, v srdci celý národ nosil.
Zemřev, žije v srdci národa celého.

all this is on the S. face, ^{facing building.} the
grave is located at the intersection
of two of the principal "streets". An
arbor-vitae is set out on each side
of the foot of the grave.
The other faces are bare.

I also visited the grave of Mrs.
Humpal-Gemanová. Her monument
is the figure of a woman (cement?)
with raised face, looking upward.
It made a dreary impression on me.
It faces north. On the lower
part the following inscription appears:

Památce Paní J.
Humpal-Gemanové
neuvorné pracovníci
o povzbuzení ženy.
* 9. I. 1870 + 23. IV. - 1906.

Návratil jsem se, a po přestrojení
jsem navštívil Zlatou Husu (k večeři),
avšak Americká společnost dnes
scházela.

Francie a Anglie dnes prohlásily
že jsou ve stavu válečném s Rakouskem.

Povšiml jsem si že od vypuknutí
váleky jest mnohem méně nabídek
k sňatku v Národní Politice, - vělely
houpě jedno! Toto zdá se býti obyčejný
způsob hledání ženy neb muže.

Věno je vždy udáno.

Po delší vycházce příjemným
večerem jsem se odebral do postele,
a k spánku.

August 14, 1914 Friday

A clear, bright day.

I wrote until 10 AM., and then loaded plates. Visited with Dr. Pekls until 12³⁰ PM.

I then started for Žižkov, left my shoes at a repair shop, subscribed for *Národní listy* for two weeks, and then took dinner at the Temperance restaurant.

I then walked to Žižkov, took a photo of the curious narrow, wall-in street "Vozova ulice", and then spent most of the afternoon walking around Mt. Žižkov trying to find a good view. I finally took photos 4, 1, 2 and 27, returned to the Temperance restaurant, where I left 3 K. to take out because they could not make change, and went home where I wrote until after 10 o'clock.

August 15, 1914 - Saturday.

Arose after 6. Sky overcast.

I spent most of the forenoon in arranging my books and papers. Towards noon I suggested to Mrs. Heyda that I would move into my old room (since my return I have been using the small room) if the arrangement with the present occupant was such that he was to have this small room permanently. She agreed, and helped me move in. In the afternoon (I took dinner at the room) she came to me with the explanation that her husband thought it was like driving the young man out, that he is sensitive, etc. Queer people! I moved back, without assistance. Mr. Wrazek returned.

In the afternoon it was clearer and I took photos. 28, 29, 33, 24, 30, 7 and 8. I then went back to the room, - it was then Mrs. H. came, & I moved. Took supper at the Temperance restaurant, reloaded plates, & spent evening in arranging papers, etc.

August 16, 1914 Sunday.

I worked at the room, and at about 9 o'clock took a car for Kosiř, and then walked to Stodůlky. I passed south of Mlýnský náhon, and almost due S. found the dry slopes painted with the purple-flowered "vřes"; - this color is so pronounced that later the tint was distinct when the slope was viewed from Mlýnský náhon.

As I approached Stodůlky from the East, I took a photo, - 29. At the first house I saw a woman and some men threshing wheat with flails ("cepy"), and took photo 5.

On inquiring I found that this house, no. 17, belonged to John Dvořák, and was sold (for 1500 "zlatých") to John Jindra, the father of the present owner, Mrs. Marie Rybářová, who is an old widow whose only son has just been drafted. She is brokenhearted.

She remembered that Dvořák had written to her father, telling of the long dreadful

journey (requiring 13 weeks) on the ocean. A son of Dvořáks, - John - died at sea. This east part of Stodůlky is also known as "Ka Lizeňská".

The Dvořák house (no. 17) has been partly reconstructed, a low part shown in the fore part of photo 3 (looking S.E. - from the old garden) was built later, and the wall enclosing the front was also added.

I also took photo 4 through the gate. On the ground in front is the grain thrasher by the "mlatci". A woman is sweeping is up with a wisp ^{brush} (large), - dust and all!

On the way to the main village of Stodůlky I took a photo (30) of the new school, - "Jubilejní obecna škola". On the south side, there is a tablet (large) in wall with inscription:

Bohu: vlasti: králi.
L.P. 1908.

I then called on Rev. Augustin Kriváček,

"farář", who is a native of Vamberk.
He showed the "matrka". It appears
that Václav, Marie, Anna and Karel
(and Joseph!) Dvořák were all born in
čís. 47, - Karel the last, in 1863.

The father was Jan Dvořák, and the
mother Kateřina, dcera Matěje Karlicka,
Tesař z Vělké Moravy u Karlových Láz.
(This is the place where we - the Domin
party, - stopped for lunch on the way
to Karlín Láz from Dobruška (across
country).)

Václav was born March 31, 1854, in čís. 47.
The father, Jan, was the "obecní slouha",
(=partijr) and lived in the house no. 47
which belongs to the village. The last
"slouha" died about a year ago, and
now the house is occupied by

Josef Babyka
obecní strážník
Stodůlky, č. 47.

I took photos. 23, 24 and 1 of no. 47.
The house is practically unchanged. Its
north end is the barn, its south end the
dwelling. A little garden is in front.
A curbed and covered spring, - public, -
is at foot of bank or slope on which
house stands, - right at side of street.

I took dinner at the "Hostinec u Fafku", +
took photo 2. This shows and shows
thatched roof on a house (barn), and
the new church. This stands on the
site of the old church, and is 4 or 5 m. sq.

I also found a Fr. Dvořák, dealer in
coal and wood, but he is a newcomer.
Stodůlky is in a slight depression
(the church is well up and prominent)
in a high undulating plain
practically all of which is cultivated.
This extends to Bělá Hora, which is
separated from the Stodůlky elevation by
a deep and broad valley. In the

distance southwest can be seen the dark, forest-covered ridge of the Karlin Jyn Territory. This whole elevation shows the pebbly (or somewhat bouldery) soil which is so common about Prague. I then walked to Motol, and from an abrupt sharp little peak rising above the village, and just N. of it, I took photo 7, showing the outline of *Pila Hora*. The main battlefield is marked by the church "*Panensky Marie Vitezne*", on the top, - not quite the highest place.

As I approached the upper part of the slope I realized why this is called *Pila Hora*. There is much whitish sandy clay exposed along the road, in gullies and fields, giving to the surface a whitish color. A deep valley runs towards Koziv, parallel to the ridge *Pila Hora*. Down this valley a portion of the Protestant army retreated, and were

pursued, - the other part following the valley on the other side to the north of the ridge. Both fled eastward. I took photos 8, 27, 28 and 6 on the battlefield, from which I also took a bit of soil as a keepsake.

I wandered about over the field in sorrow, which was soon engulfed in indignation when I observed that the place so sacred was, ^{desecrated and} polluted by two, or more properly one, circumstance: -

To commemorate the destruction of Bohemian independence a church had been erected, - "*Panensky Marie Vitezne*" on the battlefield. A "pont" (pilgrimage) to this place was held yesterday and today, and crowds of people gathered here, partly to attend the services in the church, partly to make purchases of trinkets from the long row of booths extending eastward from the church, and partly

to seek pleasure on the merry-go-round,
wings, etc., or in the two nearby saloons!

And in this sacred ^{as well as accursed} place, where it seemed
that I ~~shall~~ still hear the tread of
battling thousands, the clatter of hoofs, the
rumble of wheels, the moans of the dying,
and the shriek of a fallen nation, there
fell upon my ears the discordant sounds
of a "Te Deum" in the Church sung in
joy that the nation had been crushed,
and the blare and clatter of the "music"
which accompanied the ^{gyrations of the} merry-go-round
occupants of the two nearby saloons!
and wings, and the cries of the half-drunken,

And to this place to which the people
of Bohemia should come for inspiration,
and for the strengthening of a determination
which would seek to rehabilitate the
Bohemian nation, - the place in which
of all others they should find inspiration
for the strengthening of national pride, -
to this place the Bohemian slaves

Hrozím se že místo tak posvátné
zneuctěno jest zvláštní událostí.

K stále připomínce na zničení
české neodvislosti byl zde na
bojišti zbudován kostel "Panenky
Marie Vítězné."

Včera a dnes odbývala se pouť
v místa tato, a zástupy lidí se
zde shromažďili, částečně aby
se účastnili služeb v kostele,
částečně aby se bavili jarmareční
koupi velikých drobotin, a částečně
aby hledali zábavy buď na divokém
pravém americkém "merry-go-round,"
aneb v blízkých dvou přeplněných
hospodách!

A v tomto posvátném i kletém
místě, kde zdá se mně že
dosud slyším dupot bojujících
tisíců, dunění koňských kopyt,
rachot kol, stenání umírajících,
a poslední výkřik padlého národa,
zde padají na sluch můj protivné
zvuky, - na jedné straně zvuky

"Ze Deum"

z kostela, kde Čechové oddané
zpěvem projevují svoji vděčnost
nad tím že národ jejich byl
ponižen, - a na druhé straně
vřeskot trub a píšťál bláznivého
"merry-go-round", a výkřiky polo-
spitých návštěvníků blízkých
hospod!

A v místa tato v která by
český lid měl přicházeti
aby hledal posílení v
pevném předsevzetí obnoviti
český národ, - v místa kde
více než-li kde jinde by
měl naléztí vzpružení národní
hrdosti, - v místa tato
přichází česští otroci aby
se kláněli před svátyní
zbudované k jejich potupě
a hanbě, a aby hledali
"zábavy" v nichž by pocíť

jejích potupy byl zapomenut
nebo utopen společně s
citem národního sebevědomí!
Jak klesají velikáni!"

Lépe pochopil pravý stav
věci 16 letý mladíček, který
se mnou smutně kráčel
silnicí k Praze, a který
se slzami v očích vzpomínal
hloubky v jakou klesla
veliká část našeho národa.

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~


come to do homage at the shrine
erected to their shame, and to
find "pleasures" in which their
national degradation might be concealed
with their national pride
or drowned. Thus are the mighty
fallen!

The journey homeward was sad and
full of depressing reminiscence and
regret. I walked back a part of the
way with a young man, a mere boy,
who seemed to appreciate the situation
and who himself voiced sentiments
similar to mine.

The view from Bili Kaa in all
directions is magnificent, and is well
worth the effort required to reach the
place, - even if sentiment does
not attract one to the sacred ground.

I took supper at the Tembarawa
restaurant, returned to my room, where

I spent the evening in work.
* We could see Rip, Walewaka (the Stridshou)
and the mountains beyond the latter.

August 17, 1914, Monday.

I arose at 6, but the day is gloomy and drizzly. I spent a large part of the forenoon in my room, writing, and then loaded plates, and visited with Mr. Mrázek. It rained all day! Really! Mr. ^{Mr. Mrázek}, a citizen of Lichtenberg, said that at Judichov Hradec he was murdered & the police headquarters & then escorted to depot because he had a camera. He was not permitted to unpack it.

I had dinner at my room, with more bungling apologies from the landlady for my moving. I wrote again all afternoon, sorted papers etc., and at about 6 P.M. I went to see my negatives, - or rather I first had a visit with Prof. Velenovsky who explained his troubles with Wittstein of Vienna (who sued Hansgry ^{2 yrs. ago} because he charged that Wittstein deliberately disregarded Bohemian references. Then took out negatives as Mr. Mrázek was sick. Took supper at Temperance restaurant and spent evening in writing.

August 18, 1914, Tuesday.

In the forenoon I worked with negatives, listing, etc. Took dinner at my room, and went to the Vyšehrad cemetery, and tried the following photos:

Photo 1 - Jan Neruda

Černý kříž na černém poutníku.
Kříž na ploše kamenné.
18¹⁰/₇ 34 + 18²²/₈ 91
(Přímý zlaté.)

Vedle Boženy Němcové, vpravo, je hrabě
Ed. Jelínka, spisovatele.

Photo 2 - (Bílý vápenc - dvojité - dva hroby
+ (kříž)

Univ. prof.
Ph. Dr. Jan Krjčí
Geolog
1825-1887
Aloisie Krjčová
rodená Cudová
1829-1908

Photo 7 - Svatoptum Čech - Limestone - Hammer.

Photo 8 - (In arcade, N. side):

Dr. J. Kaizl
1859-1901
a dark bronze angel with wings spread, above
(Louv.)
Deemila Milka
18⁵/₁₂ 95 19⁷/₈ 07

Photo 29 - Jablonský & Trebizský.
(stone)

The nearer one, with Christ, is Jablonský's.

On large flat stone

on grave:

Eugen K. Tupy

Jablonský

Kapitulař strahovský

18 $\frac{27}{2}$ 61.

Back of this is a rough figure of woman,
cut out of rock. Below:

Svaté paměti
v. B. Trebizského.

Vedle Prusů (na západ):

Eleonora hraběnka z Kammie
rodem hraběnka

Warasjická - Bissingen.

z Paběnic

nar. 26 ledna, 1809

zemřela 13 ledna 1898.

Photo 30 - Vítězslav Hálek - name, only

on an oblique (sloping) marble slab (a sort

of box!). This bears:

Vítězslav

Hálek

1874.

The monument bears the names of:

Marie Horáčková

Edmund Horáček

JUDr. Mikuláš Horáček

JUDr. Louis Černý

V Karlachovské sadce, východně od
Arbitova, stojí tři kamny "čertového
sloupů", kterým při čert mrsťtil
a zem, - které ale při byly bojem
Husitů, pomoci práhu, na Vyšehrad.

Jonas 18 palců v průměru, a 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$,
a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ stop dlouhé. Photo 27.

Photo 28 - I again tried the
view of Albertov from Vyšehrad,
and again failed.

I walked to the river, and along Rabuší.
A long train of soldiers, and
military equipment came through
from the west. Freight and passenger
cars were used. The equipment (on wheels, etc.)
was loaded on freight cars in the rear.
Left my camera at the room, and took
car to Liben & Vysočany, with indifferent
men. Returned late, & failed to
find Mr. Jivánek who had been
looking for me. Worked at the room.
Saw note in paper that special train
was to leave Podmokli Thursday evening.

August 19, 1914, Wednesday.

It rained again this morning. I packed some of my small stuff, listed negatives, and at 7³⁰ A.M. I went to the Am. Consulate. The information received is that the ^{specific} train leaves Podmokli (Bodenbach) today (Wednesday) evening, which makes it impossible to reach it from here. Several persons left the consulate with this information. Later in the day it turned out that this was wrong. The train leaves Karlsbad early Thursday morning, later in Teplice, etc., and reaches Podmokli at 5³¹ P.M.! The telegram adds that it is not known when the train leaves Podmokli, and that German money must be used for fares in Germany. It is now too late to attend to banking, exchange of money, and the like, as the train from here leaves for Podmokli at 5 A.M. Mr. Bouchal (Acting Consul)

says they have absolutely no information as to cost, time and place of destination, stops, - or anything beyond the arrival of the train at Podmokli. He thinks it is much better to wait, as there may be a chance (according to advices from the Embassy at Vienna) to go by way of Trieste, and in any event I could cross Germany by ^{a route} slow stages, later just as well as now. I met Mrs. Kohn and she is anxious about her Coe position. I told her that she need not worry as President Marquis, the Dean of Women, and several members of the faculty are in Europe! I went with her to the Herites home, and took dinner with the family. Mr. H. related the case of a woman who called for her little allowance as a soldier's wife, and ~~was~~ given 200 K., the amount paid the widow of a fallen soldier. This was the first advice of his death which she received! It rained also in the afternoon.

The Herites are worried because Mrs. Kohn's younger sister is stranded in France, and the stories of evil treatment of Austrians which are circulated here worry the poor mother to death.

I went to "Glata/hua", but again missed Mr. Jiránek.

I then went to the barbershop, stopped at Oldřich Pysvějc, opposite, at Jindřišská ulice, c. 17, to arrange for some books, took supper at the Tumburina restaurant, and went to the Botanical Institute. Here I found that Mr. Mrizek had developed all my plates and finished the prints, as he expected that I would leave.

Dr. and Mrs. Domin had also been searching for me for two days (they found the notice earlier of the preceding day). I visited with them, and then went to my room and arranged negatives.

I arranged to take a trip tomorrow with Dr. Domin.

August 20, 1914, Thursday.

The day is starting out clear, but hazy. In the forenoon I went to Vyšehrad and Karlov, and took photos of the Ra series, 7, 8 + 30 Villiers, 2 Hauff, 29, Villiers, 1, Ortho Hauff, 23 Hauff, 27, Villiers, 24, Hauff, 3 + 4 Hauff, 28 Villiers.

I took dinner at home, & left at 12:15 for the Vyšehrad boat landing, where I met Dr. & Mrs. Domin. We concluded to cross on the ferry to "císaršská louka", from which I took photos 27 and 28, of lot S.

A little farther down, at Zličov, I took photo 3 of the old Zličov church, and from the W. side of the river I took photo 4, showing the "Bránické skály", with ads. on the river wall!

On the way to Hlubčepy I took photo 23. We walked through Hlubčepy and into the St. Prokop valley, - so named.

from the church of Svätý Prokop at the quarry. This is a limestone region, and the ridges show steppe remnants, - especially on the north side of the valley, - the slopes on the south side being mostly timbered.

As we proceeded I collected plants and took photos in the following order:

Galeopsis angustifolia (wet places)

Crepis rhoeoifolia

Andropogon ischaemum

Scabiosa ochroleuca

Dracopis bracteata (low ground)

Scabiosa muhlenbergii

Centaurea paniculata

Artemisia campestris

Allium montanum

Photo 24 - Sv. Prokopské údolí, - proti chlé, kde byla jeskyň, - pod hotelem Sv. Prokopa.

Ukazuje vřstov mřasné.

Photo 7 - same, - farther away.

Seseli hippomarathrum

Stipa capillata

Pencedanum cervaria

Dracopis bracteata

Aster linosyris (yellow)

Dianthus carthusianorum

Veronica spicata (blue)

Photo 8 - *Betula pendula*, - Mrs. Domin.

Sv. Prokopské údolí, - na stráni.

Photo 1 - From top of ridge, looking E - Sv. Prokopské údolí.

Photo 2 - steppe on opposite hill (N. side).

Melampyrum cristatum (in woods)

Scrophularia falcata (yellow)

Cissium acaule

" " var. *caulescens*.

Gentiana amarella

Photo 29 - Skála v Sv. Prokopském údolí -

Looking N. - Tufts of *Sesleria* -

Silene filis

Scrophularia soboliferum

Berteroa incana (wh.)

Anchusa officinalis (blue)

Salvia nemorosa (blue)

Photo 30 - idoli Sv. Prokopa, k Klubocířum

Bare on N., trees on S. side - steppe

has *Stipa*, *Carex humilis*, *Potentilla arenaria*, etc.

Campanula glomerata

Galium verum

Prunella grandiflora

Photo 5 - Wheat field - women & children, working in field. Husbands and horses gone to war! Had idolum Sv. Prokopa.

We went along the Sv. Prokop idoli as far as the village Klubovice. We then went up on the great plateau into which all these valleys are cut, and it was up here that I took 30 & 5. All this upper land is cultivated.

We walked to Batorie, & saw many geese on the stubble. Then to Radlice (the great milk village) and to Prague.

I took supper at the Temperance Rest., and then went home.

August 21, Friday

In the forenoon I took photos 29, 30 in the Botanical Garden, 1, 2, 7, & 8 on Karlov, and 23, 24, 3, 5, 4 & 6 near Karlova Váňství. I took dinner at Zlatá Husa, and there met Mr. & Mrs. Hajíček, and Mr. Jiránek. Postman Klofáč joined up, and complained that his friends suffered because he was closely watched, his mail opened, etc. He advised his friends not to write to him. While he was talking to me, and later, after he left, a young Semitic-looking man edged up and closely listened to us, probably expecting to hear something incriminating, but he was disappointed.

In the afternoon I walked through Král. Vinohrady and to Olšany, and took photos 3 (spoiled) 27, 28 & 29 both spoiled, 30, 5, 6, 4, 1, 2, 7, 8, 23, and then to Karlov, where I took 24. Took supper at Temperance Rest. gave money 20 K. Changed drivers and listed negatives.

Aug. 22, 1914 - Saturday.

This was a disagreeable day and I took no pictures.

I worked with plants and negatives, visited in the Botanical Inst., and took dinner and supper at the Temberance Restaurant.

I also visited with Dr. Domin and we arranged for a trip for the next day.

The "Jedová chýše" which I took yesterday was a burn-joint for the "bursáci", - the German students who worked in the medical buildings (old ones) along Apolínářská ulice nearby.

They took lindes here and burned. It is to be torn down now, as the property has changed hands. This will remove an old landmark.

Worked at home in the evening.

Aug. 23, 1914 - Sunday.

It has been hazy for two or three days. War?

I took a car for Radlice and then walked to Pílovic. I took photos 1, 2, 27 + 28³⁺⁴. The woman with the nurse cried because her two sons had gone to war.

The nestly, shown in photo 2, had a wish of straw tied here and there to indicate that the fruit was sold.

At Pílovic an old man who had fought in the Italian & Prussian wars, bewailed the extermination of the Bohemian nobility after the Battle of White Mountain.

The "dráb" or policeman (marshall) complained of the drain on men, etc. I walked to Radlice and rode back. I had dinner at my room.

In the afternoon the Dominus and I walked through Kozíř, towards Bílá Hora, and then turned to Divoká Šárka.

I took photos 23 (twice ^{also soon-had} on same plate) and in Šárka photos. 7, 1, 29, 2, 3, 8, 30, 27, 5, 4, 6, 28. We walked through Vojšovice. Photo 28 represents the place where Jycho Brabe's ditch from Libocany drops underground. This is a sort of settling-tank. It is said that Jycho Brabe planned this ditch. It supplies Hradecany with water for washing wagons, etc., - it is not used for drinking purposes.

Šárka is now much more barren on the rocky parts.

The Pürodni Divadlo in Šárka will seat several thousand persons. I took supper at the Imperance Rest. and then went home.

August 24, 1914 - Monday.
The day was spent in shopping, and in looking after plants, negatives, etc.

I went up town to look up books for Miss Heyburger, and attended to other shopping.

I took dinner in my room and supper at the Imperance Restaurant. Took a walk to Žiglov, and spent the evening at home.

The city has been remarkably quiet and things are more normal than when I came.

One can hardly meet a person who does not have some one in the army, and it is pathetic to see two or more women meet and with tears exchange their sorrows.

Gen. Sherman was right: "War is hell!"

August 25, 1914 Tuesday.

In the forenoon I took Prague photos. 3, 4, 5, 27, 28 and 6.

I rushed about, but on account of slow street-car service, failed to get to the Vyšehrad landing in time for the big boat up the river. Dr. Domin changed the plan to a trip to Zátice, a summer resort, and to Modřanská rokle. I missed a trip to the latter in the spring.

We went by small steamer to Braniškovice, and walked to Zátice. This is a wooded (partly) valley, ^(now) with some cottages, and several restaurants.

At its upper end are two small fish-ponds, - both now covered with Lemna. Took photos. 1, 2, 29, 28, 27, 30, 3, and then walked from village at head of valley to Modřanská rokle. Near village? Took photo. 7, and in a valley

tributary to Modřanská rokle, photo 8.

Modřanská rokle is a deep cleft again in the plateau, running nearly east and west, and shows steppe on the north side & timber on the south. The north slopes are now largely covered with Robinia pseudacacia (planted) and this ruins all the native vegetation. The timber on S. slopes is all cultivated.

I took a photo (23) of a ledge & slope with patches of Deschampsia flexuosa, it is also the locality for Arabis platanifolia, and then ascended it by exposure again on a Robinia covered slope.

Calluna also grows on these slopes.

The rock everywhere is a brown shale (Modřanská bedline), tilted badly, and the rocky slopes are very xerophytic.

In Modřanská rokle I also took photos 24, 4, & 5. Dr. Domin says the

flora of these shady slopes is also xerophytic, but wholly different from the "steppe" flora of the limestone ridges, as at Radotín.

We came to Modřany, and found that, as usually, the captain of our boat gave us the wrong time for the return of the boat. We therefore walked along the valley to Braniševský pivovar. On the way I took photo 6, showing a vineyard on a steep slope, and a part of an old wall. There is also a "hájiček" in front, - the wisp of straw on a stick which is the universal warning to "keep off".

We saw several "maňáseks", - little flat-bottomed canoes pointed at both ends, & fit for one person. A double paddle is used. A larger one, with single paddle, is called "kanoe". The maňáseks are very tricky, and are used only with

bathing suits! They seem to be very popular with young ladies.

We returned to Vojšín, and went to the Národní Dům in K. Vinohrady, where the "city club" met. A comparatively large number was present, - the Domin, Davis, Dr. ^(?) & wife, Dr. Milbauer, etc.

About 11 pm we went to Praha for a "manžeta", - an iced whipper-cream affair. Whipper-cream is very popular in Prague.

August 26, 1914 - Wednesday.

In the forenoon I took Prague photos. + in K. Vindrády, - 3, 1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 23, 24, 27, 5, 6, 28, 29.

I met Mr. ^{hus} Hajick and he informed me that the "Rotterdam" would leave Holland Oct. 3, and that 50 places would be reserved for Americans from Bohemia. (He told me that was the affair worked by Mr. Voska.)

I took dinner and supper at the Imperial Rest., walked to Gyzhar, visited with Mr. Wrazek in the evening, and gave him 10⁰⁰ K. Also visited Dr. Domin.

On my return to the room I found a note from Mr. Voska saying that we are to leave Friday!

This brought me around with a rush.

I worked at my negatives and notes until late at night, in an effort to further the packing.

Saw many "nováky" on streets the last two days on account of second call.

August 27, 1914, Thursday

Arose early, changed driers, secured more negatives, called on Mr. Wrazek, secured rest of negatives, and gave him 5⁰⁰ K. more. He leaves for home today. I returned to my room, ate breakfast, and worked at notes, etc.

The day is gloomy, and promises rain. Mr. Cejka and Mr. Olmer are to call at 8 AM, and I am waiting. Finally gave up, and called on Dr. Domin.

I then went up town to buy a suit case (20 K) and returned to my room and packed.

There was still more or less doubt as to our going, and walked about the city looking after various minor matters.

In the evening a number of Americans met upstairs at Zlata Husa, where we had supper. It was announced that we would leave at 4⁴⁰ PM. tomorrow. I slipped away early and packed late into the night.

Aug. 28, 1914 - Friday.

I settled my board and room bill, visited Dr. Domin and told him of the quick decision, went up town to buy another suit-case (17 K.) and hurried back to pack; then exchanged my Austrian money for Holland, met the Domin at Zlatá Hruša. We went back to the Botanical Garden, had our photos taken, and returned to the room for the final gathering up of belongings.

I said "good bye" to Mrs. Domin and Dr. Domin drove with me to Holšovice, where we were compelled to go (to station *nidraži*) to get our train.

A big crowd was gathered at the station. Wounded soldiers were brought in and hurried off in Red Cross autos. There were 27 Americans at the station, - all Bohemians. We finally left at 4:20 P.M., and after a tediously slow run we reached Podmokle at 11:30 P.M. It had threatened rain but cleared up. We spent a nervous afternoon because Mr. Kofránek still had unfinished military service and Mr. Arny and Mr. Benedict had no regular passports, - but other evidence.

Aug. 29, 1914 - Saturday.

We stayed at the station at Podmokle until 2 A.M. We had a customs examination and our papers were examined, - "Kirkava" being the main one. This is the "permit" issued by Police Commissioner Kirkava (of unsavory reputation) for travel in Austria (and our calls for Germany to Holland. We took coffee at the station. Everything is under military control.

I exchanged my Austrian money for German at the rate of .80 M for a K.

Along the way we saw only women in the field. The country is swept of men, and countless homes are desolate.

Our passes were carefully examined at Schandau, where we had to get out, pass through station and out again, for the examination. We took breakfast during a stop at Riesa. All stations are under military control, and stations, bridges, etc. are guarded. There was no water on the train, and none to be had on the way, so we remained unwashed. Old men and oxen were

doing the work in the fields in some places, women & children in others.

Along here we found flocks of birds, migrating. Most of the country is devoid of birds. We reached Leipzig at about 11 AM, and as the train for Magdeburg left at 11:01 we were not able to make it on account of the luggage. We at first planned to go to Magdeburg at 2 PM, and purchase tickets for Magdeburg. After much promiscuous inquiry, which resulted in contradictory information, we decided to rest in Leipzig. I then purchased a ticket to Stendahl, beyond Magdeburg. We had some kickers in the party who were evidently influenced by a "fresh" Dr. Brücking, a German who speaks Bohemian, and is a member of the faculty of a Cleveland Medical school. We stopped at the Hotel Monopol near the depot.

Mr. Erny and Mrs. Rezel were sick.

I did not go about, excepting from hotel to station. Guards everywhere. Wounded soldiers were at station.

Aug. 30, 1914, Sunday

We left ^{Leipzig} on a fast train at 5:20 AM. after an early breakfast. We were told that the tickets for additional fare on "schnell-zug" could be purchased on the train, but in the morning all but I had to march to one side to get them. I secured mine the night before. It was our intention to go to Stendahl and have the baggage put on again at Magdeburg (to which it had been sent the day before) but at the last moment most of us decided to stop at Magdeburg, and move on with the baggage. Those who elected to go on to Stendahl, and who thus left our party, ^{at Magdeburg} are the following:

Dr. Brücking (Nemer) Cleveland, O.

Alois Masin, Lorraine, O. - meladik.

Fr. Rezabek, Cleveland, O. - meladik.

Jos. Kohout, Clifton, N.J. -

Pauliček a family ^(Agnes) - St. Paul, Minn. -

Alois Grust, wife & daughter, Waconia, Minn.

Jos. Zapotocký, Chicago. - 2459 La Haven Ave. Chicago.

Mrs. Havelka, 3017 - - - Chicago.

11 all told.

Mrs. Havelka did not wish to go, but Gypotochy (a bull-headed saloon-keeper) had her ticket and money, and when she demanded them (I learned later) he told her that we were crazy, and that she should remain on the train. This left us the following:

Emanuel V. Voska & daughter Villa, New York
435 E. 86th St. Chicago
Karel V. Janovsky & wife Marie J., 5043 Western Boulevard,
Fr. Hajicek & wife Terezie & daughters Mary J. & Elsie
3337 W. 26th St. Chicago.

Albert V. Černý & daughter Jdénka, 2347 ^{Chicago} Lawndale Ave.
Rudolf Benedict, Chicago. 1663 Blue Island Ave.
C. B. Kofránek, Chicago, & wife Božena, 1414 W. 18th St.
Rudolf Půša & wife Růžena, 312 E. 79th St. New York.
Mrs. Frances Doležal & son Jos., New York, 822 2nd Ave., Astoria.
Jos. J. Rezek, wife, & son Jos. - Lorraine, O.
Emil Krjic, Waco, Texas.
B. Simch, Iowa City, Iowa. Total 22.

Of the party who left, most are alone. Pavlicek and wife have been "offish" all along, traveling 2nd class, and keeping aloof.

(As a matter of fact Pavlicek did not leave us until we reached Rotterdam. They had purchased a 3rd class ticket at Prague, good for Oct. 3rd. But they kept much to themselves. The day is cloudy, but fortunately no rain. We reached Magdeburg at 7:20 am. (I lost fare to Stendahl, - about 72½ cents) and purchased tickets for Bentheim - they would not sell farther. After arranging for our baggage and eating breakfast we started on our ragged journey ^{from Magdeburg} at 10:25 am. I was in a coupe with three Germans: One an old lady who was going to visit her sons (3 are in the army). She is optimistic and enthusiastic, & declared that the French were already in Belgium when the Germans came. (This is her justification!) Another is a young lady, one of Pfeffer's students, who is very enthusiastically for war; and the third, a youngish man who declared that Germany & Austria already had 2,000,000 men in the field, &

would soon have 5,000,000.

(At Magdeburg Černý, Kofránek, & 1 or 2 others went into the RR. restaurant and had to show passports.)

We reached Braunschweig at 12⁰⁰, changed cars, & left at 12:15 PM. for Hannover, which we reached at 1:15 PM. Here we again changed. After taking lunch, we left for Löhne. We are the objects of close scrutiny at all the stations where we stop. It is hot. No birds appear along the way. We reached Löhne at about 4 PM. (Near Seele a dummy representing Nicholas on yellow, - in red & white trousers. Here we saw many peasants, - the women with big black ribbon bows on their heads.) We left Löhne for Rheine at 9:43 PM and arrived at 3 AM. At Löhne we took coffee on arrival and then breakfast.

Aug. 31, 1914 Monday.

We arrived at Rheine at about 3 AM.

We took coffee, and later breakfast. Our man (some) again had to show papers in restaurant, and were so closely guarded that they did not venture into the town. Here Mr. Černý accosted a soldier on guard at the depot, chatted with him, had him show him that his gun is not loaded, but here quickly he can do it, showed him a map and asked where the German armies were located. We had a nerve-racking time of it. He has been very indiscreet, talks too much, and looks too French for our comfort.

An officer and two men examined the trunks, lifted my heavy one, and when I spoke to them they said there was something in it besides "kleider". I told them there were books, showed my university credentials, and they seemed to be satisfied.

Several train loads of soldiers passed

through to the East! Evidently the Russians are advancing from that direction, though the German papers which we see say nothing and only report victories in Belgium and France. By suit case was smashed at Rheine.

We left Rheine at 11:30 AM. and reached Salzbergen at 12:00; we left Salzbergen at 12:15 and reached Bentheim at about 1:00 PM. Everyone of these stops meant a change of baggage (the hand-baggage) and we divided up and sent the women in to take places and then hustled the baggage through the windows. The country is without people, and guards are stationed at every bridge and station. The vigilance of the Germans increases as we approach the boundary.

At Bentheim, the last station in Germany, the German officers examined our passes, and the baggage was examined. They objected to my camera, but university credentials fixed it. We took dinner at the depot restaurant

and were closely watched. A tall young fellow, American, tried to be very friendly. When I told him that reports in Austria indicated that advances had been made in Serbia and Poland by the Austrians he spoke up enthusiastically for the Germans. He said his wife is German, the daughter of a Berlin banker & Geheimrat, though he also mentioned a wife in California, explaining as he caught the point, that his Berlin wife is his second wife. When I mentioned California points he knew nothing of them. He also told me that he was going to Berlin (came from England) to his wife, and later told me (+ did so) that he was going back to Rotterdam!

After the examination we made a short run to Oldenzaal on the Holland side, and here again we had baggage and passports examined by Holland officials. My baggage was not opened. I was asked if I had anything dutiable.

Left Rotterdam at about 3²⁰, reached
Amsterdam at about 3⁵⁵ P.M.

We left Oldenzaal for Rotterdam
at 4:30 P.M. Holland time, about 20 min
slower than German time.

We passed through Breda, Almelo, Rysen,
and Deventer, and reached Amsterdam
at 9 P.M. The country here is very
flat, - more so than the plain of
Germany through which we have been
passing, but it appears to be rich in
crops, cattle (especially), and altogether
presents an appearance of thrift and
prosperity. Windmills are everywhere.
There is not the desolate, abandoned air
of the German Territory.

From Almelo to Amsterdam I traveled with an
Amsterdam business man, who used good English.
He said they at first sympathized with
the Germans, but that the attack on Belgium
turned sentiment against them. If they side
with England they can keep their coast open,
flood the region about Amsterdam
for miles with shallow water (1 ft or so).

He informed me that Löwen (Louvain)
the old educational center, had been
wiped out and 40,000 helpless people were
without shelter. He spoke with feeling.

At the station Consul Murphy greeted us,
advised us to stay as Rotterdam was full,
and compelled the R.R. official to extend
our tickets. The latter objected, but he
(the consul) said it was a damned outrage
and he would see about it tomorrow. The
official finally yielded. He recommended
the Hotel De Roode Leeuw, where we
found good accommodations, especially meals,
at a reasonable rate. I had room 10.

All this region is flat, cut by canals,
and is a wonderful stock country.
Amsterdam is a fine, busy city
with a modern appearance, and of
course all flat.

After our trials we enjoyed a rest in
bed, even if big mosquitoes did try to
interfere. We sent our names to New York
by cablegram.

Sept. 1, 1914 - Tuesday.

I arose at 6 A.M., packed and wrote letters to Macbide and the folks.

We visited Consul Murphy and found him genial and helpful. He told us that if any were destitute funds, provided by Congress, were at hand, and we should not hesitate to ask. We told him that we could carry our three destitutes (Mrs. Dolizal and son, and Mr. Benedict) to London, where the relief headquarters are located.

I translated a large part of a chemical and pharmaceutical telegram for the Consul. When he was informed that the Holland officers had insisted on having Mrs. Dolizal show at least \$250 before permitting her to pass Oldenzaal, he was indignant and said that he would see about it.

A similar demand had been made the

night before when we appeared before the police officials for registration, & here Mr. Murphy protected, and told the officers he, the American Consul, was responsible. Murphy is a brick!

Two women and children came in. They had been sent to a hotel and had poor meals. He took up their case with vigor. He inquired about our hotel, and when we gave a good report he made a note of it.

When we came to the station he was there, helping a woman to carry her children. Murphy is all right.

We left Amsterdam at 11³⁰ A.M. There are here everywhere evidences of oriental ^(colonial) influence in shipping, wood blocks, business, etc. From Amsterdam to Rotterdam the country continues low, flat, with many canals, much stock, and great flower gardens. This is the bulb country and shiploads are now being sent out.

Beyond Haarlem especially the flower beds are gorgeous: tulips, gladiolus, Begonias, etc. etc. We passed through Leiden. The stock is mostly Holstein. Here again we see soldiers everywhere, for Holland has partially mobilized, who are ready to repel an invader. Beyond Hage the stock becomes even more abundant. Heine's "52 varieties" are advertised, - here on big signs as in America, - a common method.

We reached Rotterdam at about 1 o'clock P.M., hustled the baggage over, renewed boat tickets, took dinner at the R.R. restaurant, and were aboard the "Batavier IV," for London, at 3³⁰ P.M.

Rotterdam harbor is a busy place.

The channels are narrow here, but there is much shipping.

We left at ~~4~~⁵⁴⁵ P.M., to sail all night.

They fixed up berths in the dining room. Mine is no. 51.

Sep. 2, 1914, Wednesday
sailed all night, - the first time
boat has ventured to do so since
war broke out. The sea is calm & day fine.
woke early and found that we
passing a line of blockading
(English) through and by which
sailed to the landing. There are
battleships, torpedo boats
torpedo boats, and a host
of scouting vessels. A war
ship get through! Good for the English!
crossed the Thames and landed at
London at 10 A.M. We had a thorough
inspection of baggage and papers -
shirts, firearms, codes, etc. especially
looked into. German newspapers were
permitted to go through, & the
Bohemian papers were also
checked, but when I explained the
situation they were released. The officer
that kind of a language it is, and

Beyond Haarlem especially the flower beds are gorgeous: tulips, gladiolus, Begonias, etc. etc. We passed through Leiden. The stock is mostly Holstein. Here again we see soldiers everywhere, for Holland has partially mobilized, who are ready to repel an invader. Beyond Hoage the stock becomes even more abundant. Heine's "52 varieties" are advertised, - here on big signs as in America, - a common method.

We reached Rotterdam at about 1 o'clock P.M., transferred the baggage over, secured boat tickets, took dinner at the R.R. restaurant, and were aboard the "Patavie II," for London, at 3³⁰ P.M.

Rotterdam harbor is a busy place. The channels are narrow here, but there is much shipping.

We left at ^{5¹⁵}4³⁰ P.M., to sail all night. They fixed up berths in the dining room. Mine is no. 51.

Sep. 2, 1914, Wednesday

We sailed all night, - the first time the boat has ventured to do so since the war broke out. The sea is calm & day fine. I awoke early and found that we were passing a line of blockading ships (English) through and by which we sailed to the landing. There are cruisers, battleships, torpedo boat destroyers, torpedo boats, and a host of small scouting vessels. A rat couldn't get through! Good for the English! We entered the Thames and landed at Tilbury at 10 A.M. We had a thorough examination of baggage and papers - tobacco, shirts, firearms, codes, etc. especially being looked into. German newspapers were not permitted to go through, & Mr. Krizic's Bohemian papers were also held up, but when I explained the situation they were released. The officer asked what kind of a language it is, and

when I explained that it is related to Russian and Serbian he was satisfied. We took real English tea at Tilbury, & left for London by train at 12³⁰ PM.

On the way to London we saw a body of English soldiers at target practice. They are a fine-looking lot of fellows, and their khaki (olive) makes them look very similar to a bunch of sheep in a field. They are almost of the color of the drying grass. We reached London at 1¹⁵ PM.

In London we put up at the Three Mills Hotel in Aldgate.

In the afternoon we rode about in an autobus with the Janowskys, Mrs. Pina, and the Regels. We saw Westminster Abbey, the Royal Palace, Queen Victoria's new monument, - a fine piece of artistic work. Many soldiers appear on streets, - fine looking fellows.

We returned to the hotel and after supper visited until 10 o'clock in the dining room.

Sep. 3, Thursday 1914.

The day is foggy, - a real London fog on a small scale!

After breakfast we went to the American Consulate, cashed my letter of credit, and returned to hotel for dinner.

We have arranged, through Mr. Voskos' good offices, to leave Liverpool on Saturday, - 3rd class (no 2nd class can be had for a month) on the American Line S.S. St. Louis.

I went out with Mr. Kopinski, bought strong straps for my trunk & grip, went to the Fenchurch station and fixed up the baggage, bought cards, returned to hotel to write cards, and after supper we visited in the dining room until 10 PM.

Mr. Kopinski, a local artist, again called (we had a visit from several of the members of the local

Bohemian colony the night before.)
There are about 300 Bohemians
in London, and they have had some
trouble because they are Austrian
subjects. Three of the waiters are
Bohemians. ^{Lichy (head), Černý in our dining room.} If only the good English
people knew how the Bohemians feel
in this struggle they would not
fear them!

A messenger (a crippled Austrian
subject) is to go back to notify
Masaryk, etc., that the Russians
are coming, and that they should
prepare to receive them well.

We have received news of Russian
successes in Galicia, and Serbian
successes, and are happy.

Three of our people, Mrs. Dolizal and
son and Mr. Benedict, have been
provided with U.S. government
transportation across the sea.
Wrote, and retired at 11 P.M.

Sep. 4, 1914 Friday.

Awoke at 5 a.m., packed, and
wrote notes. There is some fog, but
the sun is shining.

I have found the busy streets of
London interesting, and marvel at the
speed and safety of autobuses, etc.
on the narrow streets.

We are to leave the Euston stn. station
for Liverpool. We took taxis ^{for 4} (7s.)
and rode to station. We left at
10:30 a.m.

The country across England is rolling,
and mostly cultivated. We reached
Liverpool at 2:30 P.M. Took dinner
on train. We put up at the
Imperial Hotel, near depot. In the
afternoon Mr. Janovsky and I took a
walk to the busy part of the city, purchased
supplies, cards (wrote home), and after supper
I went to my room (=53). Liverpool is a
busy bustling city, with two-story "street-cars"
(trolley cars).

Sep. 5, 1914, Saturday.

Awoke at 6 o'clock. A misty, somewhat windy morning.

(Supplementary notes) While we were at London Mr. Vaska had meetings with Mr. Kopecky and other local Bohemians, and a police commissioner with officers called on him to investigate. The English are very careful. Of course Mr. Vaska has no trouble to show who he is, as he is a "Times" correspondent.

The English have also been watching us closely, but we move about here with a different feeling, as we are among friends. The bearing of the Englishman is less overbearing, and indeed the entire atmosphere is different. We are congratulating ourselves that we are out of the oppressive atmosphere of Austria, and of bullying, insolent Germany. The boasted "culture" of Germany is certainly displaying itself!

We were informed yesterday that the steamer "Leutonic" was taken by the government. It was to sail yesterday. We saw two passengers at the hotel who had succeeded in getting 3rd class passage on our boat, the "St. Louis".

We see bodies of soldiers marching down the streets, and we have seen a few small camps in the country on our way here, but on the whole there does not seem to be any visible effect produced on the activities of the people. There is not that absence of men so noticeable in Austria and Germany, and evidently the English have not more than commenced to use their resources. This promises that England will have the final say in the decision of the great conflict which is sweeping the world.

In Liverpool (and London) I was struck with the large number of women employed everywhere. There are sales girls in almost every business, the fish markets, vegetable & fruit markets, etc., are conducted by them, there are barmaids in hotels, and I presume in drink shops generally, and everywhere they are in evidence. They sell wares on streets, etc.

The fish market at Liverpool is interesting. I visited it yesterday. The most common fish is the flounder. There are also eels, and a number of fishes which I do not recognize. Also crabs, lobsters, shrimps, oysters, clams, periwinkles, etc. Most of this is cheap food, and such a market must be a blessing.

This is the day when we are filled with joy and hope at the prospect of starting for home! May the good Angel that has been with us continue to shield us!

We finally landed, at about 2 o'clock, on the St. Louis, after examination of eyes, & passports. We found when we got aboard that we were put into the steerage. I am now located in the lowest hold with 2 young Americans. We are trying to have matters improved, as we were sold 3rd-class tickets and were then put into the steerage. A great crowd is aboard.

As we are bunked, Messrs. Prusa, Janovsky & Hajick are mixed in with the Indians.

We left the dock at 5:30 P.M., but delayed a long time before really going out. We are trying to sleep in the 2nd Cabin smoking room.

We have a good many German Americans on board, and most of them are German sympathizers, - as might be expected. I found one exception, a New York German who says that

he has been in America 43 years,
and this is his first visit, - and he
says that he will never go back.
He came from Eastern Prussia, and
saw the Russian invasion.

When we were on the tender Mr.
Cerny made the remark that we
had our hardest time going through
Germany. An old German (from
St. Louis?) flared up when his
daughter² told him what Mr. C.
had said, and declared that
it was some "damned lie", and
he was not a German! I told
him that we know what we had
experienced, and he did not.

Things quieted down, but it is evident
that there is much subdued
German sentiment aboard.

The conversation of Englishmen on
board indicates that they are

195
beginning to realize the seriousness
of the war. They make the war one
of principle, for they resent the
attack of Germany on Belgium.

English papers are full of severe
comments on the brutality of the
Germans, and there is much railing
at their culture, etc. The German
has certainly lost standing with
the English, as well as with the rest
of the world, and his vaunted
culture is a byword.

We have just been notified by a
steward that the smoking room is
closed at 11 o'clock, and that all must
be out.

We are in sight of lights on the shore
at 10 o'clock.

We were routed out of the smoking room,
but slept on the seats in the ante-room
around the entrance from below.

A cool night.

(See back of Book I for notes
on voyage.)

Aug. 26, 1914 - Praha

- 3 - Jih - Král, Vinohrady - Villiers
- 1 - Komenohels ^{Společ.} náměstí " " Ortho
- 2 - E. side Karlovo nám. 2 rows agat - Ortho
- 4 - Agaty na nábrží nad Národ. div. - Villiers
- 7 - Hradčany - - - Ortho
- 8 - Rudolfinum " "
- 23 - Nová radnice - Staré město - "
- 24 - Karolinum - - - "
- 27 - Podlouhí na Malém náměstí ^{arcade} - Villiers
- 5 - Orloj - Ortho
- 6 - Tablet - Protestant Church - "
- 28 - Agat na Kuntovské ul. (see
protecting sticks - fast with wire) "
- 29 - Kuntovská ul. - agaty - "

Total 395
Prod 45 - discarded & left.
350

X 2 - Mushroom market - uhelný trh -
Ave.

Aug. 25, 1914 - Praha.

- 1 - Mushroom market - uhelný trh.
- 3 - Karlovo náměstí - Ortho
- 4 - " " park "
- 5 - Činžák ^(Společ.) (old geol. dept) - Villiers
- 27 - Ferdinand's monument - Ortho
- 28 - Melantrichova ul. - "
- 6 - Jih - Staré město - Villiers

Y Praha, Aug. 25, 1914 - PM

- 1 - U Zatišší - zahrada, řeka - Villiers
- 2 - " " - seno - "
- 29 - Pinus investis & Betula alba - U Zatišší. Ortho
- 28 - Rybník v Zatišší - Okraj s Pragnites ^{Ortho} - v házi vrb.
- 27 - " " - Kachny, Lenna, etc. Villiers
- 30 - " " " " " " Ortho
- 3 - " " " Typha angustifolia, etc. Villiers
- 7 - Světlová alij - od Zatišší k Modřanské rokle. Ortho
- 8 - Modřanská rokle - Pinus austriaca to right, Robinia to left.
- 23 - Stráň a ^{hřbitov} Light places - Deschampsia flexuosa

Locality for Arabis helvetica ortho
(also 2nd esp. - agat v lvo, - hole v pravo)

- 24 - Step na severní straně Modřanské rokle. Ortho
v pravo vyrazíme agaty.
- 4 - Břidlicová stráň - vř. etc. - k. side. Modřanské hřbitov. Villiers
Agat just shown.
- 5 - Looking E. up Modřanská rokle - xerophytic on k. side. Villiers
- 6 - Vinice pod modřany - Hájiček - Villiers

Aug. 23, 1914 - Towns Butovice

- .3-1- Flašáček - Na cestě za Radlicemi
- 1-2- Silnice a světlý - západně od Radlic
- .2-27- Žena s muší dřevěnou ulí " " "
- .4-28- Silnice a kamenný - looking W. " " "
- .7-3- Benátská ulice - agáty - Praha.
- .8-4- Geranium & Petunias - below Vyšehrad.

.23-

.24 W. Aug. 23, 1914. R.M. - To Sárka, etc.

- .27-23- Silnice k Bílé Hori a kamenný (Leský) ^{Hauff} 2 pp.
- .5-7- Divoká Sárka - z východu - Hauff.
- .6-1- " " " " (Villiers)
- .28-28- " " - ze západu. Hauff.
- .2- Eryngium campestre - Orthe.
- .29-3- Cirsium acule " "
- .8- Divoká Sárka - Diví šok - Hauff
- .30- " " - Špicaté skály - "looking E.
- .27- Vřes Orthe.
- .5- Špicaté skály - Divoká Sárka ^{Hauff}
- .4- Přírodní divadlo - Orthe - Back Lane only
- .6- Husy a ovce - Vojkovice - Hauff.
- .28- Voda z Libořem do Hradčan
- Tržnice Praha - Orthe

200

